

The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

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The Literary Week.

MR. WATTS-DUNTON, it is said, has been so much encouraged by the reception of *Aylwin* that he intends to devote himself entirely to creative work. Mr. Watts-Dunton, we understand, has two other novels ready for the press.

In consequence of delay over the American copyright, Mr. Sidney Lee's *Life of William Shakespeare*, originally announced for the 15th of this month, will not be published until the 22nd.

MR. NICHOLSON's book of *London Types*, with quatorzains by Mr. W. E. Henley, which we shall notice next week, is brought to an end with the following "Envoy" in a facsimile of Mr. Henley's handwriting:

Envoy

The Artist muses at his ease
Contented that his work is done
And smiling—smiling!—as he sees
His crowd collecting round him.
Alas! his travail's but begun!
And, none can keep the years in line,
And what to *snuff*—light is fun
May raise the gauge of *snuff*—*snuff*!
W. E. H.

THE "ENVOY" TO *London Types*.

THE programme of the next season of the Elizabethan Stage Society, which Mr. William Poel manages with such ability, contains plays of peculiar, if not strictly Elizabethan, interest. The Society hope to produce Mr. Swinburne's "Lochrine," Calderon's "Life's a Dream" in Edward Fitzgerald's translation, and Björnson's "A Gauntlet," translated by Mr. H. L. Brækstad.

A PROFESSIONAL indexer has taken objection to some criticisms passed in an article on "Curiosities of Indexing" in a recent number of the ACADEMY. She identifies one of the examples which our contributor pilloried as her own work, supplies us with a testimonial as to its merits from the author of the book in question, and a demand for our ample apology for having disapproved of it. The writer of the article, however, is of the same mind still.

WE have received from the Librairie Hachette a translation of *In Memoriam*, by Léon Morel. The rendering seems to have been carefully done. Here are three familiar stanzas in their French dress:

J'ai cru, comme celui dont la harpe sonore
Accompagne des chants aux modes variés,
Que les deuils de nos cœurs sont les mortels degrés
Par lesquels nous montons plus haut, plus haut encore.

Tel mon rêve d'espoir; mais, moi qui le nourris,
Que suis-je? un faible enfant pleurant dans la nuit sombre,
Un pauvre enfant qui crie et veut qu'on chasse l'ombre,
Et qui, pour tout langage a ces pleurs et ces cris.

L'heure est proche où du Christ on fête la naissance:
Dans une nuit sans lune un calme solennel;
De colline en colline les cloches de Noël
Se répondent, perçant la brume et le silence.

MR. CONAN DOYLE recently addressed the following amusing letter to a member of the Ormeau Golf Club, with reference to a concert held by the club, at which one of the *Songs of Action* was recited: "My dear Sir,—Pray present my compliments to the Ormeau Golf Club, and wish them from me a very happy evening. I am myself an intermittent golfer, getting very violent attacks at regular intervals. It usually takes me about two months to convince myself that I shall ever be any good, and then I give it up until a fresh burst of energy sets me trying once more. I played in Egypt until they told me that excavators had to pay a special tax. I inaugurated a private course in Vermont also, and the Yankee farmers asked us what we were boring for. If ever the Ormeau Club should wish any part of their links returned I could undertake in a few games to clear away any sod now existing.—Yours faithfully, A. CONAN DOYLE."

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL seems destined to attain a cosmopolitan fame. His last novel is being published in Dutch, as a serial, by the *Algemeen Handelsblad* of Amsterdam, under the title of *Op Bevel van den Admiraal*. Mr. Churchill follows upon Mr. Anthony Hope, a translation of whose *Rupert of Hentzau* has just been completed in the same journal. Meanwhile, Mr. Barrie's *Margaret Ogilvy* has been translated into Swedish.

WE understand that Messrs. Smith & Son and Messrs. Harmsworth have agreed on terms by which the *Harmsworth Magazine* will be sold on Messrs. Smith's bookstalls. Only details remain to be settled.

ACCORDING to the *Bookman*, Mr. J. M. Barrie has now written more than half of the sequel to *Sentimental Tommy*. The provisional title is *The Celebrated Tommy*, but this may be changed. Mr. Barrie will not be able to finish the work in time for its appearance in *Scribner's Magazine* this year, but it will be begun in that periodical in 1900.

MR. BARRIE'S play, "The Little Minister," by the way, has just been performed in Kirriemuir ("Thrums") by Mr. Ben Greet's company, with some unforeseen results. There was a full house, it is true, but the audience declined to admit that the mirror was being held up to nature. Sneaky Hobart was held to be speaking a form of Scotch never heard in the town before, and an Auld Licht elder who dared to be present described the conduct of the stage elders as "a gross caricature." Laughter was almost continuous throughout the play, but it was not quite the laughter for which the author had striven.

It is a curious illustration of the adoption of Shakespeare by Germany that a popular edition of the English poet should have been in existence for some years, while Schiller still requires a comparatively long purse. This anomaly is now to be remedied. The *Deutsche Verlagsanstalt* (J. G. Fischer, Stuttgart) has just published a Schiller in one volume, uniform in size and price with their famous *Shakespeare*, at 3 marks (shillings). Hitherto the cheapest edition of the German national poet has been that in four volumes in the *Reclam Library*. It was originally issued in 1867 and has had a considerable sale at 1½ marks the volume; but it is handicapped by the execrable paper upon which it is printed. Fischer's new edition is complete except for a few of Schiller's critical essays.

THE question of a German edition of Dr. Busch's work on Prince Bismarck is still unsettled. We understand that Herr Grunow, the Leipsic publisher, who claims the copyright over the first volume of the English edition as practically a reprint of *Prince Bismarck and his People*, which he issued for Dr. Busch some years ago, is considering the possibility of taking up the whole work. But the firm set which has been made against the book by the chief houses in Leipsic would render his task very difficult, and it is probable that Herr Grunow will smooth the way for his enterprise by a series of favourable notices of the English edition. This defence of Dr. Busch in Germany, should it ever be undertaken, would, we understand, be published in the *Greuzboten*, a weekly periodical which Herr Grunow owns. It will be remembered that, in Dr. Busch's editorial days, the *Greuzboten* was freely put at the Iron Chancellor's disposal.

MR. NEWBOLT'S new volume of poetry, *The Island Race*, is dedicated to Mr. Robert Bridges. This opens up an interesting question; for Mr. Newbolt's *Admirals All* was dedicated to Mr. Lang, and the poems composing *Admirals All* are reprinted in the new book. That is to say, Mr. Newbolt has dedicated to Mr. Bridges several poems which already belong by courtesy to Mr. Lang. We leave the settlement of this matter to the two rival dedicatees,

merely expressing the hope that it will be amicably arranged.

To be parodied is to have achieved a certain popularity, or at least recognition. Hence we congratulate Mr. Neil Munro, the author of *The Lost Pibroch* and *John Splendid*, on having already been made the victim of a literary sharpshooter. A correspondent, Mr. John Macleay, sends us the following experiment in Mr. Munro's genre:

EVENING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

With Apologies to Mr. Neil Munro.

"I'm off," said the sun on the sea out-bye, and the first shadow crept shyly into Glen Mor. The half-closed daisies there whispered to the wind, and the wind took the news of the day's ending to Glen Beag, to the lipping birches on Sgm Oman-side and on to the rugged lands of the raiding Callums. The twilight rose in the glens and up the mountain sides, and the sun had its last smile for old, old Ben Mor. "Gone is the light for the fishing," croaked a heron flying slowly inland. "And for howking, too," squawked the crows in the wood at Craggan Dhu. And there was the glint of the sun off Ben Mor and the same greyness everywhere, and never a sound but the sigh of an evening wind in Corryarrich, like a great man gaunting.

MR. NEIL MUNRO, by the way, is credited in the *Scots Pictorial* with having taken his hero John Splendid partly from life. There is in Helensburgh a magnificent butcher, known locally as Peter Splendid, and him Mr. Munro adopted for his romance.

THIS young writer's new story will appear in *Good Words* next year under the title "The Paymaster's Boy: his Fancy, his Love, and his Adventures." It will have pictures by Mr. A. S. Boyd, who illustrated Stevenson's *Lowden Sabbath Morn*.

WE may supplement a paragraph last week by this official notice: *Chapman's Magazine*, hitherto the property of a private syndicate, has passed into the hands of the proprietors of the *Idler*, and will, from and after the November number, appear as *Crampton's Magazine*. The magazine will, as heretofore, be edited by Mr. Oswald Crawford, and will be conducted on the same lines as before—viz., as a magazine of pure fiction. The November number of *Crampton's Magazine* contains the first instalment of a novel by Miss Violet Hunt, eight complete short stories, and a novelette by the editor.

A NEW and comprehensive critic makes his appearance in the November *Blackwood* under the initials "A.B.C.D." As Mr. Buchanan did some years ago, he takes a look round literature, and his eyes are not too richly rewarded. Four names only of real importance can he discover: Mr. Meredith, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Henley, and Mr. Kipling. After these he derives most satisfaction from "John Oliver Hobbes," whose *School for Saints* incited him to his survey, and who is, he considers, one of the rare novelists that can apprehend and present comedy. Comedy is the salt of literature, says "A.B.C.D." in effect, and comedy to-day is woefully rare.

ALTHOUGH "A.B.C.D." knows his subject well, and has a voice of some authority, there are strange omissions in his examination. We should like to know, for example, what he thinks of Mr. Hardy. Many novelists are mentioned, but Mr. Hardy's name does not appear. And has he no predilection for Mrs. W. K. Clifford? And is it enough of Mr. Bridges to say that he "has written pleasant verses." And is not Mr. W. B. Yeats more truly and notably a poet than several whom "A.B.C.D." names? But when a critic says his say concerning contemporary letters in a magazine article some omissions are necessary, and we think too highly of "A.B.C.D." to tax him seriously with incompleteness. His point is to show the shining superiority and strength of his chosen four, and he does that persuasively.

it the humourist at his best, but it is well worth reading. There is more than a hint of "The Mikado" in the conclusion.

MR. G. S. LAYARD writes: "You will understand my chagrin at reading in your columns the story of Mr. Lang's acquaintance—'a popular novelist (in rude health) who once found a tale under his name in a serial to which he contributed, who was paid for the tale, and who has no memory of writing a word of it or of posting his manuscript'—when I tell you that I have had precisely the same experience lately, I, however, foolishly forgot Coleridge's 'Khubla Khan' experience and jumped to the conclusion that the story (unsigned in this instance) was not written by me. Incontinently I, unlike Mr.

"The real memory of my childhood is of my father, although I saw him only once. Salvatore says I saw him often, but if so all the recollections jumble themselves together in my mind, to make a single impression. I was five years old; it was in the early summer, in 1875. My father had been fighting against the Prussians when I was born. By the time I was old enough to know people, he was aways in Spain with Don Carlos. He died there, of wounds and fever, at Seo de Urgel, in August of that same year, 1875. But first he came to see us—it would have been in June, I think—and we were living at Cannes. He had some secret Carlist business, Salvatore says. I knew nothing of that. I know only that I saw him, and understood very well who he was, and fixed him in my mind as that I should never, never forget him. How strange a thing it is about children! I have only the dimmest general idea of how my mother looked when I was that age; I cannot remember her at all in ~~the~~ ^{odd} the clothes which her pictures show she wore then, though I saw them constantly. Yet my father comes once, and I carry his image till Judgment Day."

"Poor mother!" sighed the girl, under her breath. "No, it was nothing. Go on."

"I knew that he was a soldier, and that wherever there were wars he went to have his share of fighting. I suppose it was this which gripped my imagination, even as a baby. I could read when I was five, and Salvatore had told me about our father's battles. He had been in the Mutiny in India, and he was in Sicily ^{against} Garibaldi, and with the Austrians four years before I was born, and in the French Foreign Legion afterward. I think I knew all this when I saw him—and if I did not, then I ~~believe~~ ^{felt} that I could have learned it from just looking at him. He was like a statue of War. Ah, how I remember him—the tall, strong straight, dark, hard-faced, silent man!"

FACSIMILE OF THIRD OF A PAGE OF THE MS. OF "GLORIA MUNDI."

OUR reproduction from the late Harold Frederic's MS. of his novel *Gloria Mundi* is an exact facsimile of about a third of one of his closely written pages. He wrote a small but distinct hand, and any want of clearness of which our reproduction may be guilty is due to the fact that Mr. Frederic used violet ink, and we have had to trace it. Few authors' copy is so good.

MR. KIPLING's new stories of school life will begin in the *Windsor Magazine* for December, under the title "Stalky and Co."

A NEW romance of the early years of this century, by Mr. Egerton Castle, entitled "Young April," begins in the November *Temple Bar*. It has a promising look.

A NOVEL, entitled *Via Lucis*, has only just been published. In the November *Century* Mr. Marion Crawford begins a new novel under the title "Via Crucis."

IN a short story in the *Century* Mark Twain covertly offers his criticism of the Dreyfus case. We cannot call

Lang's acquaintance (perhaps he hesitated to call him 'friend'), returned the cheque, fondly imagining that it would go to swell the Savings-Bank account of some poor dweller in Grub Street. Now I know, of course, that my bloated editor or publisher has hired a more expensive chef or given his youngest olive-branch a pony."

MR. DAVID PATERSON writes: "Your paragraph in a recent issue concerning 'the antithetical employments of literary men' reminds me that in a photograph of the recent Imperial Postage Conference two well-known *littérateurs*, Mr. Buxton Forman and Mr. A. B. Walkley, are to be seen standing shoulder to shoulder."

THE programme of lectures for session 1898-99 of the Irish Literary Society includes the following: "Ireland in Alien Literatures," Miss Ella D'Esterre Keeling; "The Jacobite Songs of Ireland," Mr. F. A. Fahy; "The City of the Tribes (Galway)," Sir Thomas Moffett; "Cork in London," Rev. E. Buckley; "The Boyne Valley," Mr. Seaton Milligan, M.R.I.A.; "Irish Scholars Abroad," Rev. E. Hogan. Particulars are to be had of the Hon. Secretary, 8, Adelphi-terrace, Strand, W.C.

THE cheap magazines now before the public in such quantities have many severe critics among the fastidious; but so long as the *Harmsworth* can for threepence-halfpenny give such excellent illustrations as the one



"I TOOK THE LITTLE LADY IN MY ARMS: AND KISSED HER."

which we reproduce from the November number, there is no room for much complaint. This charming drawing illustrates a story by Mr. C. K. Burrow, and is the work of Mr. Fred Pegram.

APROPOS the cheap magazine competition, we understand that a large emporium in the suburbs of London gives the *Harmsworth Magazine* to their customers in lieu of change, and that a draper in Reading has been selling No. 1 of the *Royal Magazine* at 1½d. a copy.

OF the Bandar-Log and their ways all readers of the *Jungle Book* are aware. There is also, it seems, a Kipling-Log, and the Kipling-Log are wroth with their admired author for his persistent and increasing love of technicalities. Hence this pathetic cry:

PROTEST OF THE KIPLING-LOG AGAINST THE
HARDNESS OF THEIR DAY'S WORK.

Here we sit in a thoughtful row,
Conning the wonderful things you know—
Grades and switches and loco-brakes,
Upper-deck stringers and garboard-strakes,
Roaring scuppers, full furnace-draught;
Thrustblock, cylinder, flawed tailshaft.

We have struggled, in very deed,
Master, thy tale is hard to read.

All your talk we have ever heard
Uttered by bat or beast or bird,
Hide or fin, or scale or feather,
Jabbered at high speed and all together—
Give us that over and over again,
But don't make machinery talk like men.

Yea, by our aching heads we plead,
Master, these tales are hard to read.

Then hear our fervent prayer, and as you're strong
forswear

These arid technicalities your stylo slings,
Drop over in your wake hotbox and garboard strake—
Be sure, as we are sure, you're fit for better things.

R. K. RISK.

READERS of the *Daily Chronicle* will have noticed that that paper is turning its attention to anecdotage. Every morning it tells a story, new or old. This is well. But it is not enough to set down facts and then try to force a laugh. There must be some art, and, of course, there must be the concealment of that art. Also, it is often better to sow the seeds of laughter than to exact it at once; rarely should a situation be exhausted. Let us illustrate our point with the story which the *Daily Chronicle* printed on Tuesday:

An amusing incident took place on Saturday in connexion with the Sirdar's visit to the Marquis of Salisbury. The fact of his departure for Hatfield soon began to be noised about, and many persons waited about King's Cross Station to catch a glimpse of the hero of the Soudan. Sir Herbert was not recognised at first, and while strolling on the platform he was accosted by a stranger, who said: "I understand we are to have the honour of travelling with a big man to-night." "Oh," said Sir Herbert, ingenuously, "and who is that?" "Why, the great general is going down to Hatfield," replied the stranger. "The great general, who do you mean?" asked Sir Herbert. "Why, that Egyptian gentleman, what's his name." At this Sir Herbert failed to maintain his equanimity, and, bursting into laughter, turned away.

This strikes us as poor, and the conventional ending worsens it. We know quite well that the Sirdar did not fail "to maintain his equanimity," nor did he, "bursting into laughter," turn away. The fact is, the Sirdar was mildly amused, which the reader is not. A very little art, a very little license, would have produced a pleasing and humorous story. Nevertheless, the *Daily Chronicle's* stories are worthy of acceptance, and we hope they will grow better and better.

APROPOS of stories, here is a good one, well told. We find it in the *Cornish Magazine*:

"I'm afraid, Jenny, you irritate your husband with your long tongue."

"Aw, no, my dear Miss Vivian. I'd never say nawthen to en. T'other day I was 'ome waiting for'n to come 'ome to supper. Eight o'clock come, an' no Jan; nine o'clock come, an' no Jan; ten o'clock come, an' no Jan. I put up me bonnet an' shoal an' went to every kiddly-wink in town, thout Dyke Winsor's. When I come there, there wor Jan. Says I, 'You uggly murderren vellan, theest killed thee fust wife an' now theest want to kill me too'; an' he up an' knacked me down.'"

MR. HALL CAINE'S sojourn in America has not been entirely free from strife. One critic of the stage version



CARICATURE OF MR. HALL CAINE, BY MR. STARR WOOD, IN THE "CRITIC."

a critic of no less eminence than Mr. William Winter—declining to be impressed by it, ventured an opinion which Mr. Caine straightway construed into an attack on the morality of his drama. Forthwith he replied with a defence of its purity, and in his reply he branded the critic a liar. Mr. Winter at once proceeded to explain. Thus:

When he [Mr. Winter] wrote that "a religious enthusiast who has not got beyond carnal temptation has not travelled very far," all in the world that he meant to say was that—speaking generally, and with reference to a class of persons and a representative mental and physical condition—an ascetic devotee who is still capable of being in love with a woman has not

made much progress on the road to asceticism. . . . A finer phrase than "carnal temptation" might, perhaps, have been selected with which to designate man's love—although such phraseology would, probably, have been endorsed by both Saint Anthony and Saint Augustine, the principal historic and ecclesiastical sufferers from that complaint; but it is not every writer who possesses Mr. Hall Caine's exquisite felicity in the choice of language—a felicity which seems to be associated with great sweetness of temper, lovely refinement of style, and a most urbane and benevolent tolerance, even for an old and worn wretch who, as he dodders into the evening twilight of a misspent life, is actually able to gaze upon the play of "The Christian" without being paralysed with admiration.

THE undergraduates of Edinburgh University are taking steps to remove the stigma resting on R. L. Stevenson's *Alma Mater*, of having contributed little or nothing to his memorial. It is proposed that the Students' Representative Council appoint a committee to collect subscriptions from students of the University on behalf of the fund for the memorial.

BOOKSELLERS' ROW, in the Strand, must have been credited with nine lives by Londoners who have taken note of the numerous announcements of its destruction. It is, of course, doomed, its site being required for the new street between Southampton-row and the Strand. We understand that the booksellers who still throng this seventeenth-century alley have now received notice to send in their compensation-for-disturbance claims. Fleet-street is likely to receive some of the exiles; and there is little doubt that the Charing Cross-road, which has become quite a book-market, will receive still further accessions.

It is curious how the bookselling quarters of London have tended to move steadily westward. Little Britain (E.C.) was once full of book-shops and is now bookless; Holywell-street (W.C.) is going; and now the Charing Cross-road (W.) is in the ascendant.

BOZIER'S-COURT, at the foot of the Tottenham Court-road, was another booksellers' nook, and here Mr. Westell, who still carries on his business in Oxford-street, was used to see many notable people browsing on his shelves. Mr. Westell's old shop in Bozier's-court is introduced into *My Novel* by Lord Lytton, who, with his son Bulwer, was one of Mr. Westell's customers. Thus in Book VII., chapter iv., of that novel we read:

One day three persons were standing before an old bookstall in a passage leading from Oxford-street into Tottenham Court-road. . . . "Look," said one of the gentlemen to the other, "I have discovered here what I have searched for in vain the last ten years—the Horace of 1580, the Horace of the Forty Commentators—a perfect treasury of learning, and marked only fourteen shillings!" . . . The shopman, lurking within his hole like a spider for flies, was now called out. . . .

The shopman who lurked like a spider was Mr. Westell, who is now, with the exception of Mr. Quaritch, the oldest bookseller in London.

MR. WESTELL, who is scrupulously accurate in giving his reminiscences in conversation, does not recollect selling Lord Lytton the Horace of 1580—a work which he has stocked only four times in his long career as a bookseller. What Mr. Westell does clearly remember is, seeing the two Lyttons, father and son, march into his shop one day, looking very brisk and handsome, to inquire the price of three three-volume novels, in choice binding, which they had seen in his window. Mr. Westell had just bought them in the sale of Sir Charles Kent's books, and Lord Lytton purchased them.

ANYONE who would like to inspect an example of the awful literature which was provided for boys sixty years ago can see at Mr. Menken's, in Bury-street, a bound volume of *White's Penny Universal Broad-Sheet*. The stuff in this periodical baffles description. The story of *Sixteen-stringed Jack*, or the *Last of the Highwaymen* appears in the volume, while *Inez of Andalusia*, *The Treacherous Monk*, and *The Night-Shriek*, lend their contributory horrors to this strange volume. Perhaps the grimmest thing is this:

THE MURDER FIEND!

OR THE

LIFE AND CRIMES OF DANIEL GOOD,

THE HUMAN BUTCHER,

followed in less than six weeks by the headline—"Diabolical Attempt to Assassinate the Queen."

Bibliographical.

THERE has been a good deal of irresponsible chatter about the length of time during which Mr. Watts-Dunton's *Aylwin* has been in existence, in type, and what not. I am in a position to mention one or two facts. The MS. of

the story was placed in the publishers' hands in the spring of 1884, and was sent to the printers in the early autumn of that year. The "composition" and "make-up" of the book proceeded so far that the story was nearly all "in page" when the author decided to delay publication. The work was to have been in three-volume form—the form then virtually universal; and I believe that an edition of the first two volumes (and part of the third) was actually "worked off"—i.e., "machined"—before the order came to halt. That edition, we may be sure, has been destroyed. Meanwhile, it is, it will be seen, as nearly as possible fourteen years since the tale was first forwarded to the printers with a view to publication. I am told that it was then entitled (perhaps only tentatively, or for temporary convenience) *Dukkeripen*—a name which, I fear, would have been cryptic to the general public.

The announcement that the *English Illustrated Magazine* is again to change hands has sent me back to the early issues of the miscellany, the first editor of which (as we all remember) was Mr. Comyns Carr. The first number appeared in October, 1883, and what an excellent start was made in it! Among the contributors Mr. Carr gathered round him in the opening months of the magazine's life were William Morris, R. L. Stevenson, Prof. Huxley, Mrs. Craik, Mrs. Augusta Webster, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Henry James, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. William Black, Mr. Austin Dobson, and Mr. Theodore Watts. Mr. J. H. Shorthouse was represented by some verse; as also, by the way, was Mr. A. R. Ropes, the learned gentleman who of late years has been known in play-land as "Adrian Ross," the clever concocter of the liveliest lays.

We are to have yet more "Recollections," and this time, it appears, from the Rev. A. G. K. L'Estrange, who has been before the reading world for the past thirty-three years at least. He is credited with an account of *Yachting Round the West of England*, published as long ago as 1865. Then came his *Life of Mary Russell Mitford*; then his *Literary Life of the Rev. William Harness*; then another descriptive work, *From the Thames to the Tamar*; next, a *History of English Humour*. His books on Chelsea (*The Village of Palaces*), Greenwich (*The Palace and the Hospital*), and Royal Winchester are well known. So are his *Friendships of Miss Mitford*, and, in a lesser degree, his *Lady Belcher and her Friends*. Nor do all these quite exhaust the tale of his literary output.

The promised new presentment of *The Wonderful History of Peter Schlemihl* will no doubt give the famous story a fresh lease of life among us. It was last reprinted—was it not?—in Cassell's "National Library," under the auspices of Henry Morley. That would be about ten years ago. There is an edition dated 1877, and prior to that came the inclusion of the tale ("The Shadowless Man") in a volume of "Fireside" stories dated 1845. The translations by William Howitt and Sir John Bowring belong respectively to 1843 and 1861. The first English version I can trace is that of 1824.

There is to be one more selection from the prose and verse of Goethe—translated, of course. We have always been well supplied with Goethean "gems." One trea-

sure of the sage's *Opinions on the World, Mankind*, and so forth, dates back as far as 1853. Another appeared so recently as a twelvemonth ago, or thereabouts—in the neat and unpretending pages of the "Scott Library." Then there was that quintessence of *The Wisdom of Goethe* which the late Prof. Blackie compounded for us, and compounded skilfully.

Why all this pother about the copy of Boswell's *Dorando* which a London bookseller has "picked up"? A recent biographer of Boswell is quoted as saying of *Dorando* that "no copy of this forlorn hope of the book-hunter has ever been found"; but, bless my soul, there is a copy of it (indexed under "D") in the library of the British Museum, and I should not be at all surprised to learn that there is a copy in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh.

The "prose writings" of Sidney Lanier which are "being collected" in America are presumably his fugitive efforts, hitherto not put into volume form. Over here, probably, Lanier is best known by his *Boy's King Arthur*, *Boy's Froissart*, *Boy's Mabinogion*, and *Boy's Percy*—adaptations for the use of youth. He wrote on *The English Novel*, *The Science of English Verse*, and *Florida*; he produced a novel—*Tiger Lilies*; his *Poems* have been circulated in England, and Mr. E. C. Stedman has penned an essay on them: still, I doubt if he is much more than a name to the average English reader.

Someone is going to edit a collection of extracts from Tom Moore's "Diary," comprising, I suppose, all the plums in the way of anecdote and epigram. The idea is good, but it is not new. Nearly twenty-five years ago R. H. Stoddard published in America a selection from the "Diary," in a series whose title I forget. Earl Russell, who (as most people know) was the original editor of Moore's *Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence*, himself produced an abridgment of it in 1860. In its first shape the work ran to eight volumes—a mine of excellent reading.

The new edition of *Aurora Leigh*, which Mr. Swinburne is going to preface, will be very welcome. The title-pages of the first two editions of the poem bore for date 1857, and there was a fourth edition in 1859. It would seem, however, that the work has not often been published in separate form. A French translation of it came out some eight or nine years ago.

It has already been pointed out that the title of the newly-issued collection of essays from *Literature—Among My Books*—is that under which J. R. Lowell published a volume of essays from his own pen. I may add that Lowell's book came out in 1870, and that it included his papers on Dryden, Lessing, Rousseau, and "Shakespeare Once More."

Surely Mr. Lane-Poole's biography of Saladin will be the first that has appeared in English? The French authorities on the subject—such as Marin, Cabar de Villermont, and Reinaud—are fairly numerous; but in England, apparently, Mr. Lane-Poole has had no predecessor.

I drew attention the other day to the modest title of Miss Hay's promised book of rhythm and rhyme. I have just come across a title even more modest—*Ventures in Verse*. The force of humility, surely, can no farther go.

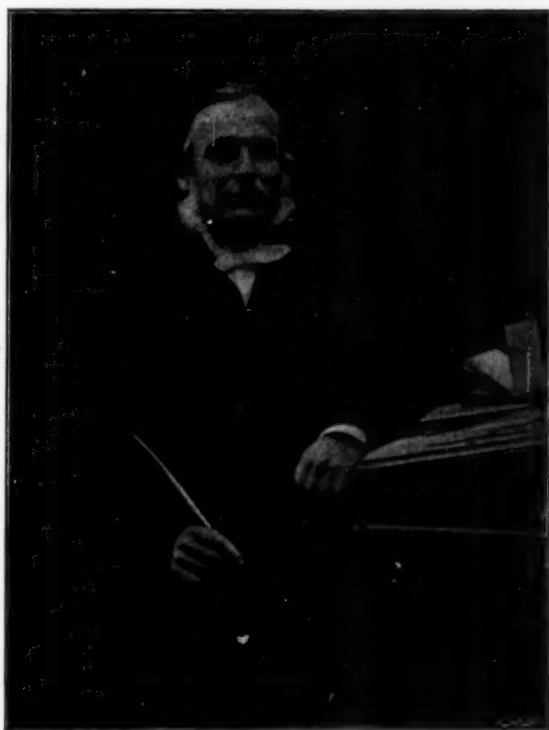
THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A Great Schoolmaster.

The Life and Letters of Edward Thring. By G. R. Parkin, M.A., C.M.G. (Macmillan.)

MR. PARKIN'S long-looked-for book is at last published, and proves to be of absorbing interest. This is largely, if not mainly, due to the fact that the author has had at his command the diary and other papers left by Thring, an advantage denied to Mr. Skrine and Canon Rawnsley. Mr. Skrine's brief but brilliant *Memory of Edward Thring* was avowedly not intended as a biography; while Canon Rawnsley's little sketch, *Edward Thring, Teacher and Poet*, was compressed within the space of a lec-



EDWARD THRING.

ture. We have, however, naturally re-read both works side by side with Mr. Parkin's volumes. No apology is needed to justify a third and fuller account of this great schoolmaster. As the preface puts it: "Edward Thring was unquestionably the most original and striking figure in the schoolmaster world of his time in England. During the last few years of his life he had come to fill a larger place in the public eye than any other English teacher. Abroad he was the only English schoolmaster of the present generation widely and popularly known by name." Why this was so is common knowledge among educationists at least. To those who have been connected with or have watched the development of higher education in England during the last half century, Thring's views are well known, and many of the improvements for which he contended have become part and parcel of the aims and arrangements of our best public schools. To what extent

this may be ascribed directly to Thring's precepts and example, and to what extent he was only the most prominent and insistent representative of a general tendency, must remain wrapped in that obscurity which shrouds the doubtful question as to how far reformations are the creations of reformers, and how far the latter are merely a supply evoked by a demand. Still the fact remains that, whether as an originator or as an exponent, Thring was the most conspicuous educational innovator of our time.

Briefly, the main points of his doctrine were these. He preached, firstly, the right of the dull boy to be taught and cared for, the wrong of his being neglected for the sake of his more brilliant schoolmate; secondly, as a corollary to this, the limitation of classes and boarding houses to moderate numbers, in order that there might be no excuse for such neglect; thirdly, that it was the duty of a headmaster to have personal knowledge of the character, doings, and progress of every boy in his school, which meant that here, too, the numbers must be confined within certain bounds. The limits he fixed, and to which he adhered in the face of much temptation and much internal and external pressure, were, roughly speaking, for classes twenty-five, for boarding houses thirty, and for the whole school 300. These were the fundamentals. In other respects as well he effected important reforms in public school life. He saw to what extent the appropriateness or the non-appropriateness of buildings assisted or handicapped the efforts of the educator. He saw that there was no reason why the schoolboy's surroundings should be squalid, and that a refinement of environment would conduce to the refinement of the pupil. He saw that lessons and lesson books would be enlivened and rendered more effective by the aid of plans, models, and illustrations. Again, organised instruction in music and gymnastics, the multiplication of varied employments for leisure hours, so that different tastes and interests might be attracted and occupied, all found a place, some of them for the first time at school, in the microcosm of Uppingham. An old boy writes: "Class lists, Thring maintained, and honours may go to the wall rather than a dull boy be discouraged. If brain cannot excel, hands may; if hands cannot be nimble, feet may. If hands and feet are slow, the boy has a voice, train that. There is honour and endurance and self-control to be found on playing fields or in the music class as well as in the class-room." One result of the unwonted care spent on the intellectually inferior boys is alluded to more than once in the diary: "Very trying, too, to find, as was and is the case still, our own success acting against us. I know many cases. I know one important private tutor who openly avows it, where the delicate or stupid boys are sent to us, as the only place where real care is taken, and the clever and promising elsewhere." And, indeed, Mr. Skrine expresses an opinion that at Uppingham the usual order of things was actually reversed, and that the cleverer boys were neglected for the dullards.

We have said that Mr. Parkin has had access to the private diary which Thring kept continuously during term-time. Of this privilege he has availed himself with wise liberality. A considerable portion of it appears in full in his pages, and from it we learn the man's inmost self from his own words, and these not couched in set and

premeditated phrase, but obviously depicting faithfully, alike in matter and in manner, the momentary thoughts and emotions prompted by the more noteworthy occurrences or the transient problems of the passing day. Thanks to this we have a marvellously life-like and realistic portrait of the "schoolmaster hero," as some will have him. From it we realise, as we could realise in no other way, his doubts and difficulties, his heart-searchings and harassments, and all the needless wear and tear entailed in the attainment of the noble objects he achieved with wholly inadequate resources, with waverers on his staff, and with short-sighted and ignorant obstructionists on his governing body. At the same time, running through it all, we recognise the strain of dogged courage which carried him ever triumphantly through a struggle that continued for upwards of thirty years. Throughout it is haunted, as Mr. Skrine well puts it, "by the fear of failure, and, far worse than that, of discrediting truth by the miscarriage of the plans which were to prove it."

In structure and in repute Uppingham had virtually been made by the end of the thirteenth year of Thring's head mastership; and an obscure and slenderly endowed country grammar school, consisting of an Elizabethan schoolroom and master's house, tenanted by some couple of dozen scholars, had expanded into a famous public school of 300 boys with all the customary attendant pomp and circumstance of architecture and equipment.

Many years later a great peril threatened to scatter Thring's creation to the winds. This was, of course, the local epidemic of typhoid, which was met by the temporary removal of the school to Borth, and "Uppingham by the Sea" has become historic. At this crisis his governing body lent him no aid, but the parents stood by him; and the loss of trade to the town, owing to the absence of the school, starved the authorities of the former into submission, and forced them to set their house in order.

Not the least striking point in Thring's character as illustrated in his diary is his sublime audacity in financial matters. The whole of his life he was in debt, and note after note in the diary reveals the terrors inspired by the periodical advent of his bank-book. Small marvel, when we find such entries as: "Bought the Chequers' Inn and premises; at least have agreed to give the terms finally proposed, viz., £1,200. . . . I have not 1,200 pence." This was one November, yet in the following May we read: "White came in to me to offer to sell his property next our Quad for £700—a very reasonable sum—and I agreed, intending, if I could get it in no other way, to borrow and mortgage." No wonder that he adds: "When I told Marie [his wife] this, she fairly broke down, and all the suppressed trial of our long debt came out, and I broke down too." After the costly Borth expedition things were naturally still worse, and so they remained, till less than a month before his death the diary is still telling the same tale. All that he earned and all that he inherited from time to time in the way of legacies was swallowed up in the making of Uppingham. Although he could easily have increased the income of the school by receiving a larger number of boys, and his staff were continually urging him to do so, he steadfastly refused to sacrifice his princi-

ples by exceeding the limits he had imposed upon the admissions.

With all the burden upon him he found, or made, time to produce four books on education, seven class-books, five volumes of school songs, two of poems and translations, three of sermons, and one of addresses. The practical value of his writings on education is heavily discounted by a metaphorical obscurity of expression which at times degenerates into an almost unintelligible jargon. The same unfortunate peculiarity appears throughout the diary. He was singularly devoid of literary instinct, and equally lacking in a sense of the ridiculous. How otherwise could he have penned such a passage as the following: "March 9 [1873].—How many good things have come to me on Sundays to thank God for! Holy Communion to-day, and in the morning a cheque for £941, dear cousin Maria's legacy, came." Or this, which for unconscious humour is hard to beat: "March 24 [same year].—From a letter of Theodore's this morning discovered that I was £450 more in debt than I recollected. Rather damaged my breakfast, but now I am inclined to thank God for having let me forget it so many years," [and enjoy so many breakfasts!] But what about poor Theodore? Is there no sympathy or gratitude for him? Similarly grotesque is "June 2 [1860].—I thank God with all my heart for another proof of His mercy and the power of good. A. came in to me to-night to confess to having played cards at Buckingham on Thursday." The abandoned but repentant "A." was a member of the school cricket eleven which had been playing in a match away from home. There is an element of comedy, too, in a schoolmaster's sending a boy up to Oxford to compete for a scholarship and offering up a prayer that he might score off the candidates from other schools. The diary teems from end to end with the utterances of a mystic who is possessed with the conviction that he is in direct touch with the Deity, and that even the most trivial and commonplace operations of life are immediately and vitally influenced by the contact.

Some of the results of Thring's system are summed up by Mr. Skrine:

His praise, as a master, has always seemed to me this, that he yearly sent out into the world so great a proportion of boys with sound characters. . . . There was a uniformity of soundness among his results, a strict correspondence, so to say, between bulk and sample, not elsewhere, as I think, to be met with, where the scale was the same. . . . Think what it means to have given the spring of hope to a crowd of feeble, obscure spirits, who, but for him, would have been mere human lumber.

In fire, with all Thring's limitations, crotchetyness, extravagance, positiveness, religious mania, and lack of mental perspective, it is impossible not to be impressed and moved by the record, largely from his own pen, of his protracted fight in a great cause; impossible not to allow that he was a vehement and great-souled man, narrow indeed, but strong. No doubt it will be objected, has been objected, by some that he was a "man with a mission." We must admit that he was, but the story of his life's work abundantly proves that such a man is not always simply a useful nuisance.

Mild—Very Mild.

Lamia's Winter-Quarters. By Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate. (Macmillan. 9s.)

"Exactly. But enough, surely—perhaps somewhat too much—of that subject; and our little horses are ringing a carillon with their bells, as if to remind us it is time we were again on our way."

"One moment," said Lamia, raising her hand deprecatingly. "Before we quit this fair spot of rest in Southern air, grace must be said for our *al fresco* repast. You know what form we like that grace to take. Be it as brief as you will, but it must be in verse."

"We are not in Sicily," he said, "nor am I Theocritus. But Veronica asked me the other day if I could give her some idea of the short pastoral idylls written two thousand years ago, which not all of us can read, but of which all of us have heard. I am not so presumptuous as to suppose I have succeeded in responding adequately to her wish; but perhaps our almost Sicilian surroundings, and the indulgent temper of the hour, may confer on the attempt something of the appropriateness it would otherwise lack."

The latter speaker of formal, antiquated sentences was the Poet, and his audience consisted of Veronica, his wife; Lamia, a young unmarried woman; and the chronicler of the party, who figures throughout as "I": four personages who will be familiar to readers of *The Garden That I Love* and *In Veronica's Garden*; and we have placed this passage at the head of our article because it is typical of the author's curiously old-fashioned manner of recording conversations—a mixture of the leading article and Mrs. Opie. Why he should thus put back the clock we have no conception. We cannot believe that there are readers to-day who favour in dialogue a return to the diffuse and artificial periods of our forefathers; crispness and terseness have surely proved their case; yet here is Mr. Austin, the titular head of English letters, clothing his sentiments in copious and uncomfortable brocades that we hoped had long since been moth-eaten beyond recovery. It is peculiarly odd, because in the lyrics which are scattered through this volume Mr. Austin keeps luminously and directly to the point. Indeed, so careless is much of the prose, so fluent and haphazard and journalistic, that one cannot help feeling the author has considered it of inferior importance to the verses. "They are the jewels: the prose is merely the setting, which does not really matter," may easily have been his contention. Hence such an ugly phrase as "the purchaser alone gets any delectation out of them"; such tautology as "a kindred need of this kind"; and the verbosity of the whole. Everyone knows that it is more facile to be verbose than succinct.

We do not mean to say that *Lamia's Winter-Quarters* is actually bad—we do not consider that it is—but its lack of distinction in workmanship and the total absence of any vivacity, any animating spirit, any gaiety, makes its triviality too noticeable. Such books—the record of a family party's sojourn in a villa of Tuscany—must necessarily deal with trivial matters, because domestic details are always trivial, and the conversation of travelling companions usually so; but there is a method of so treating the trivial that the result is literature. Mr. Austin has, however, not mastered it. *Lamia's Winter-Quarters* has all the machinery of a charming book, and is

yet without charm. The Poet is a bore. He is self-conscious and pontifical. He is often a prig. Veronica is dull, and a near relative of Mrs. Grundy. Lamia is meant to be a revelation of beauty and winsomeness, but instead she has the skittishness of a governess at a picnic. She is arch in the early Victorian way. She would tap you with her fan. She gives the impression that she might even say, with a giggle: "You naughty man!" and surely Mr. Austin never intended that. She tells the chronicler that he will never understand women. She asks: "Will it be very unromantic to seem hungry?" Adding: "Because if it would—as I should not like to hurt anyone's feelings—I can sate the edge of appetite with bare imagination of a feast, or, at most, with the unsubstantial pageant of a mandarin orange." (Subsequently, it may be mentioned, the party indulged in the "pleasant and perfectly safe satisfaction of their appetite.") Now, such things as these, we hold, are not matter for a book: they are only in place in an essay entitled "Our Winter in Tuscany," read before a provincial Essay Society.

After subtracting these passages there is still a quantity of serious disquisition on a number of conversational topics; but Mr. Austin has not the art or the genius for taking pains to make it good reading.

The author's verse, however, is in pleasant contrast to his prose. It has brightness and clarity. As of old he shows too great facility in dropping into mere rhymed catalogues of natural phenomena; but, as these lists are lists of flowers and birds and beasts which are associated in our minds with rural contentment, we like them. They bring fragrant and delectable memories. Thus:

Good night! Now dwindle wan and low
The embers of the after-glow,
And slowly over leaf and lawn
Is twilight's dewy curtain drawn.
The slouching vixen leaves her lair,
And, prowling, sniffs the tell-tale air.
The frogs croak louder in the dyke,
And all the trees seem dark alike:
The bee is drowsing in the comb,
The sharded beetle hath gone home:

Good night!

The book has illustrations which appear to be engravings of photographs. They are vividly bright and sunny, and are excellent examples of their art; but they are all too large for the page, and give the book an awkward air. But this, we take it, is not the fault of Mr. Austin.

Godfrida.

Godfrida: a Play in Four Acts. By John Davidson. (Lane. 5s. net)

READING *Godfrida* you are reminded of a great work of art, Browning's *In the Balcony*. Here, too, the theme is the rivalry in love of a woman sovereign and her humbler friend. Ermengarde, Duchess of Provence, would wed Siward, the invincible northerner, who has saved the realm from the armies of Esplandian. But Siward loves Godfrida, and Godfrida loves Siward, a love born of a

momentary vision as he rode through the streets in triumph after his victory, and she hung from her lattice to behold. Browning's, however, is pure literary drama, passing in the dialogue of three persons, with almost no environment and almost no external action. Mr. Davidson writes "for the stage" and a very different mode of treatment is exacted. A disturbing element is added in the form of the Chancellor Iseibert, who also loves Godfrida, and whose intrigues, though the precise intention of them is not always easy to follow, serve to ruffle the course of true love. Then there is for setting the pageantry of a crowd. Iseibert and the crowd are perhaps legitimate, but we should have liked the play better if Mr. Davidson had seen his way to leave out certain minor characters—a drunkard, a foolish knight, a page, and so forth—who have little or no dramatic value and whose scenes are intolerably tedious.

As for the handling of the play and its blank verse, Mr. Davidson seems to us exceedingly good, whenever the central lyric note of romantic love, love at first sight, love strong as death, is touched upon. For the Siward and Godiva relation, their speeches to each other, or of each other, he has poetry in reserve. Possibly the finer dramatic effect might have been attained by giving the poetry to the "brain-sick" Iseibert and Ermengarde, and not to the "ingenuous" Siward and Godfrida; but let that pass, and let us be grateful when we get them for such times as these.

GODFRIDA.

We gather violets because the skies
Are far beyond our reach—but if a star
Came down to us with sweet fire over-brimmed,
We might forget the simple violets.

SIWARD.

And when the moon comes we forget the stars.
No other planet in the firmament
Can make my heart leap since your love-lit eyes
Looked on me from your lattice earnestly,
And all the aimless longing of my life
Began to flow in one full tide to you.

In the same true vein of romance is the reply of Godfrida, when accused by Ermengarde before all the people of winning her lover by the snares of the black art:

GODFRIDA.

I dare do anything but lie;
For am I not contending for my love?
If there be any here who feel, who think,
Whose hearts say now, or who remember still
What love is, I beseech them to believe
That nature was the only sorceress,
And passion all the magic that we knew—
Siward and I, bewitching and bewitched.
I loved him ere I saw him, hearing told
The story of his prowess, while his name
On eager tongues o'er-ran the murmuring street.
Like one who sickens till the judge pronounce
Immediate life or death, pulseless I watched
His crowded passage; had he not looked up
I think I should have died; but our eyes met;
Our souls saluted proudly, swift to guess
How great a thing had happened in the world.

Unfortunately, when the lyric inspiration fails him Mr. Davidson's blank verse becomes rather lamentable. He has not learnt to use it for meditative passages, or for the

subtle development of the internal drama of the soul. And above all, he has not learnt to use it for the machinery and background of his action. For want of continuous and simple dignity it is sometimes on the verge of bathos. As thus:

ISEMBERT.

Your eyes are branded on my heart; your voice
Stored in my hearing like a golden hoard;
The lustre of your presence gilds the world;
Your haunting memory lights my loneliness:
And I believed you loved me.

GODFRIDA (*sadly*).

That was rash.

But men will still mistake goodwill for love.

The unhappy colloquial use of "rash" here spoils the whole thing. Occasionally Mr. Davidson uses prose. We think he would have done better to write the whole play in prose, with the exception of the Siward and Godfrida scenes, and possibly an exalted passage or two in the rest. After all, much of his blank verse is only formal, written to the eye, as a blank verse line must be when it is divided up among three speakers.

We like to see people make experiments, but on the whole this experiment of Mr. Davidson's is rather a disappointment. Would he, when he tries again, take his eye for a moment off the stage—the Lyceum or St. James' stage—and fix it for a while on the stagecraft of Shakespeare, Browning, and Maeterlinck!

Divines who Differ—and Others.

I. The New and the Old Criticism.

Jewish Religious Life after the Exile. By the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D.D., &c. (G. B. Putnam's Sons.)

A SERIES of lectures on the History of Religions, delivered for an American foundation on the lines of the Hibbert Trust. The reader must not expect to find here idyllic pictures after the manner of Renan, for Canon Cheyne is a Biblical critic *pur sang*, and finds it difficult to get away from his last. Hence we find him vindicating "my own personal right to go as deep as I can in Biblical research, and my advocacy of a braver and a bolder policy than has yet been common in the instruction of students," while his lectures are in great part devoted to reducing the dates of the different books of the Old Testament to a very moderate antiquity indeed. The Pentateuch is spoken of as "Ezra's Law-Book," "the post-Exilic date of every part of the Psalms" is held by the lecturer "to have been abundantly proved," Daniel is brought down to the age of Antiochus Epiphanes, and Ecclesiastes is said to have been most likely written in the reign of Herod the Great. For the rest, the Messiah of the Jewish Books "is but a poetic embodiment of the Davidic royalty, and the Davidic royalty . . . is but a representative of the Jewish people"; and although "Jewish religion owes a debt of gratitude to Babylon and Persia," it derived, we are told, little but scepticism from its contact with Greek thought. All this is urged with the learning and point that we have a right to expect from the Professor of Interpretation of Holy Scripture at Oxford, and even those who are least inclined to agree with his views can read the book with profit.

The Age of the Maccabees. By A. W. Streane, D.D., &c. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

A VERY different standpoint from the last is apparent in this book. Dr. Streane speaks of the days of the prophet Malachi (to whom Canon Cheyne will not even allow a name) as an ascertained date, and gives us an appendix on the probable date of the Book of Daniel, as to which he apparently asks for a suspense of judgment. In his brief history of the Maccabean Age he leans chiefly upon Josephus, although he is careful to quote some of the latest writers, among whom Dr. Mahaffy is prominent. We also have here a very detailed but popular study of the Old Testament Apocrypha, including therein the lesser known apocalypses, such as Baruch, the Book of Jubilees, and the Fourth Book of Esdras. There are some slips in arrangement, and we notice that the author refers once or twice to the schismatic temple set up by Onias at Leontopolis before he finally describes its foundation, but on the whole the work is excellently done, and can be recommended to the Bible students to whom it is specially addressed.

II. Low Church and Broad Church.

Primary Convictions. By the Archbishop of Armagh. (Harpers.)

THIS also is a set of lectures delivered in America—but this time on the Evidences of Christianity and at the instance of the trustees of Columbia College. The Archbishop thinks convictions are stronger than opinions, in respect of which he quotes a remark of Heine's that "opinions cannot build such cathedrals [as that of Amiens]; convictions can!" The lectures are not addressed to sceptics, and are confined almost entirely to points within the Christian and—if we may use the word—the Protestant faith. Hence we are prepared to meet with such phrases as: "Agnosticism is a malady of thought," "I make no attempt to reconcile Genesis and science," "There is nothing [in the religion of Ancient Greece] to satisfy a mind that thinks, much less a soul that yearns after God," and the like. But it seems a pity that the Primate should allude so confidently to "the undeniable instances of telepathy at the time of death collected by the Society for Psychical Research," or should echo, however faintly, such worn-out slanders as that there was anything unusually "awful" about the death-beds of "Gibbon, Hume, and Voltaire." This apart, the reader will find in this volume many eloquent passages and shrewd arguments, while in the notes are several poems on sacred subjects reprinted from a contemporary, the authorship of which is here acknowledged, so far as we recollect, for the first time.

Apostolic Christianity. By H. Hensley Henson, B.D., Rural Dean of Barking. (Methuen.)

A COMPLETE contrast to the last-noticed book. Mr. Henson, whose name is honourably known to many for his work in the East-End, admits that his subject would have been better treated in sermons. But since, as he says, the laity shows an increasing indisposition to listen to sermons—as to the cause of which he makes several noteworthy

suggestions—his only chance of reaching them is by print. His picture of the Apostolic Age here given is, even when viewed from the literary standpoint alone, both simple and charming, and he has not hesitated to avail himself of the latest sources of information upon the subject, without regard to the opinions of their expounders. Renan, whom the Archbishop of Armagh considers to have been actuated by personal hostility against St. Paul, is quoted from perhaps more frequently than any other writer. Mr. Henson also uses the Revised Version of the New Testament throughout, and thinks that it should be generally adopted in the public services of the Church.

III. The Theology of the Future.

The Tendency of Religion. By Colonel R. Elias, late 59th Regiment. (Chapman & Hall.)

COLONEL ELIAS is, of course, not a divine at all, but a layman who has seen much of different religions in many quarters of the globe, and has thought much upon them. He here gives, incidentally, concise and readable accounts of some of the least-known, such as Bábism, the religion of the Brahmo-Samaj, and the English Theistic Church; and comes to the conclusion that "a wise man will do well to attend indifferently and impartially any house where God's good people are gathered together to worship Him, regardless of outward forms or details of creed." He thinks, being led thereto by reflection on the Chicago Congress of Religions and the recent discussions upon religious education, that the religion of the future will be Christian on its ethical side, but without the assertion of the divinity of Christ or of a belief in miracles. The book is commendably short and plainly written.

Tidal Phenomena.

The Tides and Kindred Phenomena in the Solar System. By George H. Darwin. (John Murray.)

SO far as we are aware, no work exists in which the tides are dealt with in untechnical language more satisfactorily than they are in this volume. Prof. Darwin, a son of Charles Darwin, is an acknowledged authority on tidal phenomena, and in several papers read before the Royal Society he has shown that they have far-reaching consequences. But only students familiar with the intricacies of higher mathematics can follow the arguments there set forth; so a popular presentation of the subject, containing explanations of the practical methods of observing and predicting the tides, and an accurate rendering of the theory underlying them, should be of interest to many.

Not for casual readers, however, is the work designed. Prof. Darwin's style of exposition partakes of the concise statement of fact to which men of science are accustomed; and to read it with profit requires undivided attention. Having thus defined the form of address, we may add that the work is one which should find a place in every library, for reference as much as for reading in detail.

The Greeks and Romans living on the shores of the Mediterranean had not much opportunity to learn about

the tides, hence the passages in classical literature referring to the matter are few in number. It was left to Newton to show how the gravitational attraction of the moon and sun could raise the waters on opposite sides of the earth, and his theory has formed the basis on which all subsequent work has been laid. When the earth is considered at rest, and no account is taken of the monthly revolution of the moon around it, the problem is comparatively simple. But when the actual facts with regard to tides are examined, this "equilibrium theory," as it is termed, fails almost completely, and gives little assistance in predicting the time of passage and the height of the tide-wave at any place on our coasts.

The prediction of tides, or the preparation of tidal forecasts for any place, is, however, of the highest importance, and, as it cannot be accomplished by theoretical considerations, other methods are adopted. No better description of the processes has been published than that given by Prof. Darwin, who has for several years been engaged in the preparation of tide-tables. Briefly, the method followed by him is to analyse the tidal observations at a place into their constituent parts, and then determine the various combinations of these parts. The calculations involved are, however, very numerous, and a less laborious method of computing a special tide-table is by using Lord Kelvin's tide-predicting machine. By an ingenious combination of pulleys, connected by an appropriate train of wheels, and controlling the movements of a pencil, this machine is able to construct a curve showing the tides on any day in the year. To obtain a forecast of this character, the pins and cranks of the apparatus are set according to the tidal constants of the place concerned, the machinery is then started, and in about four hours it runs off the tides for a year. It is not too much to say that no more marvellous instrument has ever been invented than the mechanical tide predictor devised by Lord Kelvin.

In the later chapters of this book Prof. Darwin shows how tide-generating forces are concerned in the origin and history of the solar and other celestial systems. The arguments he uses need not be described here; but one or two results of their application to the earth and its satellite may be mentioned. It is supposed that initially the earth and moon formed one viscous rotating body, in which the sun raised tides. The combination of rotation and tidal friction resulted in the birth of our satellite; after which event the mother and daughter began to separate still further. Ever since she has had a separate existence the daughter has been a drag upon her parent, the result being that instead of accomplishing a spin once in about six hours as the primary planet did about sixty million years ago, twenty-four hours are required for a rotation; or, to put the result in other words, the friction of tides upon the earth have caused the days to increase from six hours to their present length. Concurrently with this, the moon's distance from the earth has increased, the remotest point has been reached, and our satellite is now slowly working her way back to us. Using Mr. Wells's "time machine," we can see a period when the day is as long as the month, and the moon has nearly reached the surface of the earth, all as the result of the interaction of tide-generating forces between the two bodies.

This outline exhibits but imperfectly the many interesting problems connected with the tides. For an intelligible statement of the subject, readers are advised to turn to the pages of Prof. Darwin's volume.

The History of Chitral.

Chitral: The Story of a Minor Siege. By Sir George S. Robertson. (Methuen.)

THIS is an excellent history of Chitral, and especially of the events which occurred there during the past few years. The story of the British troubles of that eventful time—which is not, perhaps, quite as famous as it ought to be—is told with a careful accuracy, and an almost over-abundant mass of detail, which no one but the author himself could give. True, he was not present in person at all the scenes he describes. That was impossible, for many notable events occurred simultaneously. But in his capacity as British Agent of the district, with which he had been long acquainted, he not only saw, but also understood better than any of his subordinates the desperate straits into which our forces were so often entrapped by the treacherous native chiefs.

To appreciate the value of this book, it is perhaps necessary that the reader should himself have travelled among the ever-troublesome tribes on the North-West Frontier. Sir George Robertson, moreover, is a little hard on his audience in expecting every member of it to be fully acquainted with a large number of Anglo-Indian expressions and native titles. At times, and especially in his elaborate diary of the six weeks' siege of the Chitral fort, there is a wealth of detail combined with technicalities, which suggests a skipper's log-book, or other official record. To the experts such accuracy of detail is interesting, doubtless, but the general public would, in all probability, gladly dispense with much of it. For the latter, however, the book contains an abundance of bright anecdote, and an unusual quantity of keen observation. It is good for any Briton, moreover, to get some knowledge of the marvels accomplished by our officers with a handful of native troops in these barren regions of icy mountains, where the constant murders committed by the Pathans and other religious bigots so often are surrounded with much that is picturesque and dramatic. It is quaintly said of the Chitralis themselves, who are a most untrustworthy race, that they stick to the truth so tenaciously that it is impossible to get it from them. And they murder in a curiously friendly manner, professing much affection to the last moment.

The state of Chitral, we are told, is about as large as Wales, but its whole population scarcely amounts to a hundred thousand. The men mostly possess not only a rifle but also a skilled experience of its capabilities. The recent troubles were caused by the murderous intrigues of the several pretenders to the chief-ship of the state, and their alternate conciliation and contempt of the British power, which in such remote districts is even yet not properly appreciated. We keep Afghanistan as a buffer-state between India and Russia, but, not feeling quite certain of the Amir's affections, we also regard the various states that border on Afghanistan as subordinate buffers. We

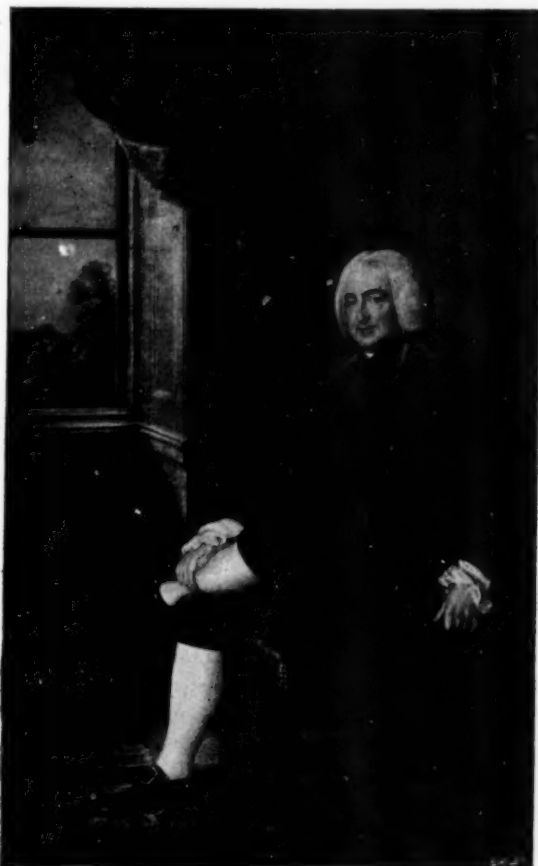
interfere with these as little as possible for fear of offending the Emir, to whom they were formerly more subordinate than they are at present. And when it is essential for us to assert ourselves in order to uphold our influence, we have to remember that the moral support of Kabul is not upon our own side.

The story of Chitral is typical enough, but it is also exceptionally interesting. In extreme difficulties our officers fought with wonderful determination and extraordinary ingenuity. The story was well worth the telling, even if it be a year or two old.

EARL NUGENT.

BY CLAUD NUGENT.

Lord Nugent's real title to fame is that Goldsmith addressed to him his charming poem "The Haunch of Venison." For the rest, he reeks of the eighteenth century,



ROBERT EARL NUGENT.
From a Painting by Gainsborough.

which esteemed him a wit and a "facetious" companion. He was "facetious," as the eighteenth century understood it. That is to say, he nearly had to fight a duel for spitting in a man's hat to win a wager, and pretending it was an accident. His morals were intolerable, even in a lax age; and he was a turncoat both in religion and politics. His poetry, some of which is excluded from the chaste pages of his biography, is execrable. He wrote an ode on his own conversion to Protestantism. Gibbon quoted it; Horace Walpole called it a "a glorious ode"; and Gray,

surely in irony, suggested that Nugent could not possibly have written it himself. It begins:

Remote from liberty and truth,
By fortune's crime, my early youth
Drank error's poisoned springs.
Taught by dark creeds and mystic law,
Wrapt up in reverential awe,
I bowed to priests and kings.

This, however, pales before Nugent's pastoral mood:

Here spreads the lawn high-crowned with wood,
Here slopes the vale, there winds the flood
In many a crystal maze.
The fishes sport, in silver pride
Slow moves the swan, on either side
The herds promiscuous graze.

Surely only the most exalted family feeling can have made Mr. Nugent imagine that the life, the verse, the letters, and the speeches of this man could be worth reading. (Heinemann. 532 pp. 6s.)

LITERARY PARABLES.

BY T. W. H. CROSLAND.

This dainty little book contains fifty-five satirical sidelights, principally on the profession of letters. Of these the readers of the ACADEMY are already acquainted with forty-two, for they appeared in our pages. One of the latter we propose to print again, as it shows Mr. Crosland's manner at his happiest:

INCORRIGIBLE.

They set two men in the stocks—one, a tinker, who had rioted on small ales; the other, a ballad-maker, who, by vile diction, had offended the public taste.

And about noon the tinker broke silence, and observed: "Master Ballad-maker, these melancholy hours will not be wasted; for I have now devised means whereby, on our releasement, good store of liquor may be procured."

"And, for my part," responded the ballad-maker, "I rejoice to say that I have hit upon a most seductive collocation of rhymes!"

This is really excellent work in a medium of which very few writers have the secret. The irony is well-founded and is not too hard (as Mr. Crosland now and then is disposed to be), and the technique has distinction. Mr. Crosland can turn a phrase with the best: moreover, his phrases are the phrases of a humorist, sardonic, clear-headed, and very clear-sighted. Only a man with a true sense of style could have written that parable in that way.

Here are two other of the fables which have not yet been printed in our pages:

BRETHREN.

A tinker read a sweet poem about the brotherhood of man.

And later he spied the author of that poem in the market-place, and ran up to him, and grabbed him by the hand, and said, "My brother—my dear brother, let us go and pick a bit o' dinner together!"

And the poet answered that he was not in the habit of picking bits of dinner with persons whom he did not have the honour to know.

And:

SILENCED.

"I must sing the new song," said a poet.
 "Then get thee down into the cities, and hearken."
 And the poet went into the cities.
 And on a night he returned. "I have heard it," he
 said . . . "And I shall sing no more."

We can recommend Mr. Crosland's *Parables* as a kind of literary olives to be taken after a "Book of the Week." They have just that sharp, sub-acid, unaccustomed and corrective flavour. (Unicorn Press. 61 pp. 2s. 6d. net.)

JOHN KEBLE'S PARISHES. BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

This book can be read with pleasure for the sake of Keble, for the sake of the ecclesiological lore it contains, and for the sake of its pictures of English village life. Miss Yonge, whose home is at Otterbourne, near Winchester, with which Keble's parish, Hursley, is allied, has brought to her work a loving regard for detail. As a basis she had the history of Hursley and North Baddesley, which the Rev. John Marsh, curate of Baddesley, compiled in 1808. A proposal to re-edit was abandoned in favour of a proposal to re-write this book. Miss Yonge has, accordingly, re-written Mr. Marsh's work, preserving the curate's work wherever that could be done; while she has imported into it the entirely new and striking elements afforded by the career of John Keble.

Keble came to Hursley in 1835. He was still in the thick of the Tractarian movement, and was paying the penalties thereof. Already, however, he was revered as the author of the *Christian Year*, so that when the Rev. Robert Francis Wilson, a first-class Oriel man, purposed to take the curacy of Hursley, he was merely warned: "Now, remember, if you become Keble's curate you will lose all chance of preferment for life." Mr. Wilson took the risk, and suffered the fate predicted. Hardly had Keble arrived when the neighbouring village of Otterbourne was found to be in want of a new church. Miss Yonge's father was its inspirer, almost its architect. In those days church-building was at a low ebb. The Winchester architect was not too competent, and Mr. Yonge did half the work, equipped with nothing "but the power of military drawing (acquired before he was sixteen years old) and a great admiration for York Cathedral." The earnest spirit in which the work was carried out may be judged by the statement that "Mr. Yonge sought diligently for old patterns and for ancient carving in oak, and in Wardour-street he succeeded in obtaining five panels, representing the Blessed Virgin and the four Latin Fathers, which are worked into the pulpit," &c.

It is of Keble's parishes that Miss Yonge writes; but what is written of Keble is deeply interesting. On pages 109-114, we learn how many of the poems of the *Lyra Innocentium* were inspired by his relations with children at Hursley. Miss Yonge completes her book by a chapter on local words and phrases, and another on the natural history of the Hursley district. (Macmillan & Co. 234 pp. 8s. 6d.)

THE THIRD DUKE OF GRAFTON.

EDITED BY SIR W. R. ANSON.

This is the autobiography of Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton, edited from unpublished documents in the possession of his family. The avowed aim of its publication is to present the Duke in a more favourable light than that in which he has been presented in histories of the eighteenth century. We cannot believe that there will be many readers for this voluminous work; but

Sir William Anson's introduction is both readable and effective. Had it been a little expanded, a little illustrated by vital letters and documents, it might have stood alone as a handy and sufficient volume. On the whole, there is little reason to quarrel with the editor's moderate summing-up. As he says, "it is only fair," while recognising the Duke's shortcomings as a statesman,

that, looking back on his political career as a whole, we should recognise the honesty of purpose and the sense of public duty with which it was inspired. He did not



THE DUKE OF GRAFTON ON THE STEYNE AT BRIGHTON.

enjoy the business of office, and he did not care for its emoluments; he had no ambition to make a great figure in history, nor any sordid purpose of finding places or fortunes for his family and friends, yet he was prepared to play his part in office or in opposition for the service of his country, and, according to his lights, for the maintenance of certain principles of government which he believed to be sound and right.

This is the editor's last word on a career which undoubtedly presents difficulties to the eulogist even when the attacks of Junius are discounted to the utmost. We give a reproduction of a caricature-portrait of the Duke as seen at Brighton. (John Murray. 417 pp. 18s.)

HISTORIC NUNS.

BY BESSIE R. BELLOC.

Mrs. Belloc's *Historic Nuns* belong to comparatively recent history. They were members, not of the old monastic orders, but of the working sisterhoods which, established about the beginning of the present century, have played a considerable part in nursing and other philanthropic work. Mrs. Belloc writes with sympathy,

and even enthusiasm, of four pioneers in this movement. One is Mrs. Aikenhead, the foundress of the Irish order of Sisters of Charity; another, Mrs. M'Auly, foundress of the widely spread Sisters of Mercy; a third, Mme. Duchesne, who carried the French Order of the Sacred Heart to America; and the fourth, Mother Seton, of the American Sisters of St. Joseph. In Protestant and Anglo-Saxon countries the work of the sisterhoods has had some prejudices to overcome. Mrs. Belloc tells how the Sisters of Mercy shared with Florence Nightingale in the nursing of the Crimean War, and how, returning with the Guards, the commanding officer begged them to march at the head of the disembarking column. The people hooted, and the enraged soldiers levelled their rifles. An affray was only prevented by the presence of mind of the commander, who stepped forward and described the services which the nuns had rendered; whereupon the hooting turned into an ovation. (Duckworth. 220 pp. 6s.)

THE PSALMS.

BY JAMES ROBERTSON, D.D.

The tendency of the "higher criticism" has been to surrender entirely the Davidic origin of all or any part of the Psalms, and to treat them as a production of the post-Exilian and not the pre-Exilian Jewish Church. Wellhausen, for instance, maintains that the Psalter "was the praise-book of the Church of the Second Temple," and an equally "advanced" position is taken up by Prof. Cheyne in his Bampton Lectures for 1889. At this tendency in general, and at Prof. Cheyne in particular, Prof. Robertson's Croall Lectures on *The Poetry and the Religion of the Psalms* are aimed. Prof. Robertson demurs both to the post-Exilian date and to the theory that the Psalms express collective rather than individual religious sentiment. He concludes:

First, that though many of the Psalms belong to a comparatively later period in the history, psalmody has its origin far back in pre-Exilian times, having been prepared for in the very earliest religious songs, and brought to the definite Psalm-type at the hands of David; and, secondly, that beneath the forms of expression, and behind the temporal occasions of the Psalms, we must recognise as the great moving impulse to psalmody the stirring of a true spirit of individual religious experience, which itself, though perhaps somewhat unformed and vague, is also of great antiquity.

Prof. Robertson's book is a very fair example of the reasonably conservative view, with which the "advanced" critics must make their account. (Blackwood. 360 pp. 12s.)

RAMBLES IN LION LAND.

BY CAPT. FRANCIS B. PEARCE.

Mr. Pearce's Lion Land is Somaliland, and his aim is to give a sportsman's unvarnished account of his lion-hunting in that wild country. In this he has succeeded, and anyone who wishes to understand the three methods of hunting lions in Somaliland—i.e., the sitting, the walking, and the riding methods—should read Mr. Pearce's tenth chapter. As for the Somalis, it is pleasant to learn that they adore a Briton. Mr. Pearce himself did something to deepen this feeling. An armed Abyssinian began stealing, and, because he carried a gun, a whole village of Somalis sub-

mitted to his depredations. Finally they sent a deputation to Mr. Pearce and his companion:

"Go!" I said, "and find this Abyssinian, and tell him that in half-an-hour the stolen goods must be lying outside my tent. If they are not, then will I come and fetch them myself!"

A cry of joy rang through the camp on hearing this decision, and a crowd of our followers were about to start to deliver the ultimatum, when I stopped them.

"Go and deliver this message; but woe betide the Somali who raises his hand against the man, or who insults him. He among you who does either of these things will I tie up and flog!" [How little grammar matters in these cases!] They understood.

In ten minutes the crowd returned, bringing both thief and goods. The Abyssinian speedily humbled himself and kissed Mr. Pearce's hand, and the owner of the goods, having been well lectured for not better guarding his property, took the stolen goods away, chattering his thanks. Mr. Pearce's book is full of good reading. (Chapman & Hall. 258 pp. 10s. 6d.)

MARGARET OF DENMARK.

BY MARY HILL

Probably the interest taken in England as to Scandinavian history is not intense. Those who wish to approach it might do worse than begin with this well-written little book on *Margaret of Denmark*. It is a careful study of a notable personality. The daughter of the last of the Vikings, Valdemar III. of Denmark, Margaret, ruled the realm, first as regent for her son, then in her own right, with a man's iron hand and a woman's subtlety. By her marriage with Hakon of Norway, and the election of her colleague and heir, Eric, as King of Sweden in opposition to the wish of the powerful Hanseatic League, she succeeded in uniting the three kingdoms in one, and finally clinched the union by the famous Treaty of Calmar. All this was at the end of the fourteenth century. Miss Hill draws a parallel between Margaret and our own Elizabeth:

Each was the daughter of a coarse-fibred, firm-handed, vigorous king, of a type that the world's development at the period when they lived was rapidly making impossible. Both women, coming to the throne by the failure of male heirs, were compelled to adapt the old to the new—to find new bottles for the old wine—and to the credit of each it may be said that they applied themselves to their new task with a surprising degree of intelligence and adaptability.

And so on. Historical parallels are rather misleading but there is something in this one. (Unwin. 156 pp. 3s. 6d.)

Postscript.

Mr. Henry St. John Raikes, the author of *The Life and Letters of Henry Cecil Raikes* (Macmillan), has done his work conscientiously, but the result cannot be called other than dull. It is odd among so much that is trivial to find no mention either of "J. K. S.'s" squib or his apology for it.

The most entertaining part of the monograph on *The Rabbit*, by Mr. J. E. Harting, just added to Messrs. Longmans' "Fur and Feather" Series, is the chapter on the cooking of that creature, by Mr. Alexander Innes Shand. Here is an old recipe: "A conye tak and drawe him and

parboile him rost him and lard him then raise his leggs and hys winges and sauce him with vinegar and powder of ginger and serve it." Mr. Shand's advice ends thus: "Finally, the head is not to be neglected. It contains a variety of delicate picking, and gives light, desultory occupation to a wayward appetite."

Mr. A. J. C. Hare has now added *Shropshire* (Allen) to his series of works on the English Counties, which began a few years ago with *Sussex*. Shropshire offers much material to the scenic enthusiast, the historian, the antiquarian, and the folk-lorist, and Mr. Hare's pages are rich in interest. He seems, however, to be conscious of omissions, if not of errors, for he asks for corrections and additions to be sent to him against a new edition. Why not have completed the work at the first attempt?

Mr. Edward T. Cook has followed up his *Popular Handbook to the National Gallery* with a *Popular Handbook to the Tate Gallery* (Macmillan). The new work, in its way, is not less excellent than the old. It is packed with interesting information, biographical and explanatory, and should make the exhibition doubly valuable to visitors. Such is Mr. Cook's gift for interest, that, taken entirely apart from the building at Millbank, the book is entertaining. The prefatory remarks on the British School of Painting are particularly able and lucid.

The Golfer's Alphabet (Harpers) is a contribution to the golfomania now raging in America. But these sketches by Mr. A. B. Frost, should amuse the Saturday evening gatherings on English links too. The rhymes—by Mr. W. G. Van T. Sutphen—are not bad. Thus:

C is the Card that began with a three,

And was torn into bits at the seventeenth tee.

And thus:

H is the Hole that was easy in four,

And also the Hazard that made it six more.

In Scotland, we take it, this work, being frivolous, would not be encouraged.

In *Reading and Readers* (Methuen), Mr. Clifford Harrison, who is an accomplished elocutionist, discourses of his art. His aim is practical, and this little book should be of much use. We recommend schoolmasters to examine its merits, for it is at school that readers are made. In the same series—a very tasteful one—is *Dante's Garden* (Methuen) by Rosemary A. Cotes, a charming collection of legends of the flowers, accompanied by translated passages concerning them, from the *Divina Commedia*. From Messrs. Blackwood come two volumes of literary essays by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, an American writer: *Essays on Nature and Culture* and *Books and Culture*. They are sane and workmanlike, but they lack the winsomeness and charm that such essays should possess.

Mr. Grant Richards and Mr. Dent have each this year put forth a ten-volume edition of Jane Austen's novels. Mr. Richards's edition—the "Winchester"—is one of the most satisfactory products of English publishing. Binding, paper, type and printing could hardly be excelled, and each volume is a joy. Mr. Dent has added coloured drawings to the attractions of the text, and the result is a very dainty and pretty set. The artists are Messrs. C. E. and H. M. Brock. We wish, however, that the backs of the books had been numbered.

Mr. Dent's pocket edition of the Waverley Novels has reached *The Fortunes of Nigel*, in two volumes. By way of frontispieces, Mr. Railton has drawn the High School at Edinburgh, where Scott was a pupil, and Allan Ramsay's house. Mr. Shorter supplies a bibliographical note.

The week's books for young readers include an excellent new volume by the Rev. A. J. Church, entitled *Heroes of Chivalry and Romance* (Seeley), with drawings of unusual excellence by Mr. George Morrow. These plates, eight in all, are rich in colour, and are animated by the true romantic spirit. Moreover, artist and printer have worked together in perfect accord. Mr. Church's "Heroes" are drawn from *Beowulf*, the *Morte d'Arthur*, and the *Nibelunglied*. Another book for children of somewhat kindred nature is Mr. William Canton's *Child's Book of Saints* (Dent). Herein the author of *W. V.*, *Her Book* and *The Invisible Playmate* retells, in simple and prismatic language, a selection of the old legends of the Church. No one now writing is better fitted to undertake such a task; and the volume has real beauty. At a time when so many books for children aim at nothing but nonsense and high jinks, Mr. Canton's stories should be very welcome to many parents. The illustrations, by Mr. T. H. Robinson, are less satisfactory than the text; but they are good too, in a conventional style. In this connexion we may mention *Fantasias from Dreamland* (Mathews), by Mr. Ernest Gilliat Smith—a rhymed legend of Saint Dunstan, with decorative designs; and Mr. Charles Squire's *World Wonderful* (Nutt)—stories of the Knights of Malta, skilfully contrived of classical material interwoven anew. The book has pictures by Mr. A. G. Macgregor.

More miscellaneous juvenile works include *The Hollow Tree* (Constable), by Mr. A. B. Paine, part author of *The Dumpies*, an experiment in the art of "Uncle Remus." Here we meet Mr. Dog and Mr. Coon and Jack Rabbit and Mr. 'Possum. The stories are bright, but the pre-eminence of Mr. Paine's exemplar is never endangered. Mr. J. M. Condé's drawings are fairly amusing. Messrs. Smith & Elder, watching the signs of the times, have put forward a new edition of Thackeray's *Rose and the Ring*, and it is merry reading still. Mrs. Marshall's Christmas story has the title *Under the Dome of St. Paul's* (Seeley), and Sir Christopher Wren is its hero. Miss Ethel S. Turner, a very vivacious Australian writer for the young, has produced in *The Camp at Wandinong* (Ward, Lock & Co.) another spirited and amusing story.

Among the huge crop of children's books, most of which are good or rightly inspired, we have received two that it is impossible to praise. *Sybil's Garden of Pleasant Beasts* (Duckworth), by Sybil and Katharine Corbet, is altogether too thin and unimportant for its format. By dint of large type and thick paper, a five-shilling work has been evolved; but we are thoroughly sorry for the luckless child to whom it is given. The *Animal Land* of the same authors was an amusing departure; but this volume is almost an impertinence. The other kindred and quite unsatisfactory book is *The New Noah's Ark* (Lane), by J. J. Bell, the latest imitation of *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*. The rhymes are over-sophisticated and lacking in finish and refinement, and the pictures are dirtily printed and hideous in form.

Fiction.

Mord-Em'ly. By W. Pett Ridge.
(Pearson.)

It is curious that this book by Mr. Ridge, and Mr. Pugh's *Tony Drum*, should have appeared at the same time; because there is close affinity between them. Each is more a character-sketch than a story; each takes us a little deeper into the life of the London street child; and, in so far as *Tony Drum* is a boy and *Mord-Em'ly* a girl, the two studies may be said to be complementary. But here resemblances cease; for whereas Mr. Pugh's hero is a visionary, and a potential poet, belonging not to his surroundings, Mr. Ridge's heroine is of the Walworth-road through and through, a product and integral part of her parish. The two books are not for a moment rivals: they stand shoulder to shoulder as the good work of two honest, but dissimilar, observers of this tragic and comic, wretched and jovial, cruel and kindly city of ours.

Mord-Em'ly is a fragile little South Londoner, just in the 'teens, precocious and resolute, spirited and self-possessed, with all her wits sharpened by continual practice in debate. For, just as mediæval scholars passed from city to city to hold disputations, so do Mr. Ridge's characters pass from street corner to street corner to exchange personalities. This is a novel of repartee. Gathered in its pages are retorts enough to furnish forth a wilderness of 'bus drivers. Mr. Ridge knows the cockney resources of invective to their ultimate depths; he can supply you in a moment with the appropriate answer, in any given case, of a policeman, a cabman, a pot-boy, a barmaid, a drunkard, an organ-grinder, and *Mord-Em'ly*, who stands for young Walworth-road womanhood generally; which is simply to say that Mr. Ridge knows his subject. This is a typical passage:

"Make her shut her head, then," said the lean-faced man aggrievedly. "I don't want no truck with her. Make the—"

"Less language," commanded *Mord-Em'ly*. "Don't forget you're in the presence of ladies."

The lean-faced man laughed ironically.

"You!" he said vehemently. "You call yourselves ladies! You're what I call—well. I won't say what I call you. I've got gentlemanly feelings beneath a 'omely exterior, and I know how to be 'ave as well as anyone."

"You cert'n'y are 'omely."

"If I meet with ceevility," said the lean-faced man in a dogged way, "I give ceevility back. If I've got a single fault—"

"Who's been telling you that?"

"If I've got a single fault, it is that I've give way to other people too much. I've 'ad to suffer for it, too, in me time. Fourteen years ago—"

"Look 'ere," said Ronicker, "when we want a history of your life and crimes, we'll buy it in the *Police News*, meanwhile go away, and talk to yourself."

Such passages are not, of course, all that Mr. Ridge's book offers; but in calling it a novel of retort we have set down a prominent impression left upon us by its perusal.

Mord-Em'ly is also a moving story of its little heroine's life. Heroine is doubly the word, for to the point of

heroism was she plucky. We will not tell the plot in detail, because that would deprive our readers of pleasure when they came to the book for themselves; but there is no harm in saying that a description of a reformatory school for girls has a place. The following brief scene there throws strong light both on *Mord-Em'ly's* independence and upon Mr. Ridge's humorous method. *Mord-Em'ly* is in class. The subject is geography:

"Maud Emily!"

"Yes, miss."

"The capital of Spain?"

(The ruler ready in the schoolmistress's hand.)

"Meedrid, miss."

"Wrong!" said the schoolmistress, and rapped her hand sharply.

"How'd you mean wrong?" complained *Mord-Em'ly*.

"If it ain't Meedrid, what—"

"I beg pardon," said the schoolmistress apologetically, "my mistake."

"I should think it was."

"I thought you were going to say Portugal. They generally do."

"Well. I don't, miss," said *Mord-Em'ly*. "Remember you've overpaid me a dab on the knuckles."

Throughout this genial book one feels that Mr. Ridge's admiration for his heroine has led him in writing of her to take positive pleasure in his task; and this pleasure is communicated. It is half the battle when an author loves his puppets. Most heartily we can recommend *Mord-Em'ly* as a story always wholesome and kindly and deftly told, containing in its central figure a brave, shrewd, humorous, and sweet-souled little woman whom we shall gladly think of for a long time to come. *Mord-Em'ly* is incomparably Mr. Ridge's best book, partly for the reason that it has tears in it.

Popular Romance.

The Battle of the Strong: a Romance of Two Kingdoms. By Gilbert Parker. (Methuen.)

The Red Axe. By S. R. Crockett. (Smith & Elder.)

EACH of these romances has an aspect in which it may be regarded as a stereotyped reply to an advertisement of the public taste in fiction. Each embodies an artificial optimism—the optimism of events arranged to make happy, even glorious, climaxes; not the optimism of recovery amidst the fortuitous mishaps of life. And just as Aaron's rod, after seeming to eat up serpents (which were also rods) could, one assumes, only become a rod once more, so to the critical eye the wooden body is latently present through all the agile movements of the typical novel of action.

Of the two novels before us it may be said with confidence that many persons will sit up all night reading them. It says a good deal for the shallowness of the average interpretation that a statement to this effect is usually construed into a generous compliment. As a matter of fact, work of fine mentality refuses to be read at a gallop. The finger descends on the page while the eyes dwell with the image and applaud the significance of life. In the popular novel of action the reader remains in the company of the average

conception of the *surhomme*—"the man in a million," we hasten to add for the sake of those who dislike a strained use of philosophical words. Good or bad, the *surhomme* does physical things on a tremendous scale. In Mr. Parker's story there is one named Philip d'Avranche, who saves the heroine's life while he is a middy, marries her



MR. GILBERT PARKER.

clandestinely when he is a first lieutenant, is adopted as the heir of a French duke, commits bigamy with a countess, becomes admiral as well as duke, is at last confronted with his crimes, and dies in solitary misery after a duel. There is a rival *surhomme* who promises the heroine not to drink, rises to generalship in the Royalist armies of La Vendée, successfully disputes the dukedom with Philip, marries Philip's legitimate

widow, and confers the dukedom on her son.

Mr. Crockett's *surhomme*, though a German of an uncertain but barbarous epoch, is not unlike one of Mr. Rider Haggard's African heroes of the present day. He is the son of the Public Executioner ("The Red Axe") of a despotically ruled duchy. Hence his amazing proficiency with the axe. The office is hereditary, and the hero tries to escape from the profession by enlisting in the service of a neighbouring prince; but the confiding reader does not trust his purveyor in vain. Mr. Crockett evolves from the conditions he has laid down a situation more painful than that in which an executioner of refinement, in a forgotten story by E. C. Grenville-Murray, played his part. The son of "The Red Axe" is condemned to decapitate his own sweetheart. By what Gilbertian means Mr. Crockett evades the catastrophe it were unfair to disclose; but we do not imply a compliment to the *vraisemblance* of the story by the adjective "Gilbertian." There are several *surhommes* in *The Red Axe*, both good and bad, and hints of dreadful tortures; an imported (*i.e.*, meaningless) grotesque, called "The Lubber Fiend"; and two *surfemmes* to fall in love with "The Red Axe's" son. The form is autobiographical, and as that obliges the narrator to babble of a woman's hopeless passion for him, it does not strike one as an appropriate medium. "The Red Axe" has a command of pious rhetoric, which seems a little odd in one whose business was, as often as not, to throw men's bodies into kennels to appease the appetite of hungry dogs. Here is a specimen:

If any, great or small, prince or pauper, harm so much as a hair of this fair head, by the great God who wields His Axe over the universe, and sits in the highest Halls of Judgment, whose servant I am—I, Gottfried Gottfried, swear that he shall taste the vengeance of 'The Red Axe,' and drink to the dregs the cup of agony in his own blood.

When he is about to die, he says: "Ere the light of to-morrow's dawn, the Duke's Justicer must face the Tribunal that has no assessor and no court of appeal."

Mr. Parker also overdoes the rhetorical "business." As thus: "*Araminta*—this was all her eyes saw, that familiar name in the flaring handwriting of the Genius of Life, who had scrawled her destiny in that one word." Nor can he resist the pleasure of making a dying sinner write a long letter pointing the moral of his own life.

Of the two, however, Mr. Parker is decidedly the better. For one thing, he has an interesting and trustworthy local colour, and several of his Jersey folk possess a distinctive reality: such as the "Femme de Ballast," whose husband evinced his affection chiefly by pulling her toe, while passing her bed of a morning to light the fire, and the man who objected to hanging because it was "so damned paltry." Again, his central situation (the woman stopping at home to bear the slander of those who deem her mistress instead of wife) is not less pathetic because it is familiar. Mr. Parker's style is vigorous and literary; his reflections are just. "I expect that half the crimes ought not to be punished at all," says one of his men, "for it's queer that things which hurt most can't be punished by law." And again: "The cheap colours of the shoddy, open-air clothing-house; the blank, faded green of the coster's cart; the dark-bluish red of the butcher's-stall—they all take on a value not their own in the garish lights flaring down the markets of the dusk."

Mr. Crockett's style has, we know, at all times an individual flavour. He does not throw words about like Mr. Boothby, for instance. He has eloquence, picturesqueness. But in *The Red Axe* he forgets to write like a man of action in a time of storm and stress. He indulges in affectation, volubility, anachronism. Still, one can readily believe that his story is one to make the blood boil in the veins of those—they are many—for whom he incarnates the vision of themselves as they fain would be in the Philistine's Paradise, where the axe crashes through dull psychologies as well as helmeted heads. And there is art even in making the blood boil.

The Phantom Army. By Max Pemberton. (Pearson.)

In an author's note Mr. Pemberton tells us his purpose in writing this book. "I have sought to show," he says, "what might be achieved by a regiment of determined men harboured by a lawless province, befriended by a people ripe for revolution, and so organised that in every country of Europe a refuge from the law and the police is open to them." The leader—a victim of the Napoleonic idea—is a pretender to the throne of Spain and the empire of the world. The determined men are drawn from the *decadés* of every country; they gather for a month or so in the mountains of Spain, rob the mail-train between Toulouse and Marseilles, hold up an evening party at a banker's villa on the Corniche-road, attack the Casino at Monte Carlo with rifles and a Maxim gun, and in the intervals between these exploits live unsuspected and unmolested in various parts of Europe. Now the prime necessity for a story of this kind is that it should be credible—in the sense that the *New Arabian Nights* and

the *War of the Worlds* are credible. We must be deluded as we read, at least. And Mr. Pemberton does not delude us. There is no apparent reason why the whole band of marauders should not be arrested at once. Still there is much vigorous and picturesque writing in the story, and its very audacity will probably make it popular.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's output of fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

GLORIA MUNDI.

By HAROLD FREDERIC.

Mr. Harold Frederic's posthumous novel. It is the story of the coming together of Christian Tower and Frances Bailey. Christian suddenly inherits a dukedom, and this, so far from aiding, retards his marriage with Frances Bailey, who is a typewriter, and a woman of high independence, and possessed of qualities of mind complementary to Christian's. (Heinemann. 348 pp. 6s.)

THE ADVENTURES OF FRANÇOIS. By WEIR MITCHELL.

The successor to *Hugh Wynne*. In this story Dr. Mitchell exchanges Philadelphia for Paris, and gives us the adventures of a juggler during the French Revolution. The story, which is reprinted from the *Century*, has many of the original illustrations. (Macmillan. 312 pp. 6s.)

THE CASTLE INN. By STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Mr. Weyman's latest novel is a romantic story, opening "when the third George . . . was a young and sturdy bridegroom; when old Q., whom 1810 found peering from his balcony in Piccadilly, deaf, toothless, and a skeleton, was that gay and lively spark, the Earl of March; when *bore* and *boreish* were words of *haut ton* unknown to the vulgar; and the price of a borough was £5,000." The story is compact of incident, and is full-flavoured of the latter half of the eighteenth century. (Smith & Elder. 371 pp. 6s.)

THE CHILD OF PLEASURE. By GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

This translation, by Miss Harding, of D'Annunzio's first ambitious novel is introduced to English readers by Mr. Arthur Symonds, who points out that "D'Annunzio comes to remind us, very definitely, as only an Italian can, of the reality and the beauty of sensation, of the primary sensations." *Il Piacere*, here presented as *The Child of Pleasure*, "is the book of youth, and has the over-plenitude of that prosperous age. . . . The action, when it can once be said to begin, remains at the same point to the end. A marvellous sensation is given, but it is as if a picture found words; as if the 'Concert' of the Pitti were to break its suspensive and melancholy silence." (Heinemann. 311 pp. 6s.)

A TRIPLE ENTANGLEMENT. By MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

A new novel by the author of *The Anglomaniacs* and *Sweet Bells out of Tune*. A number of American types contract complications, partly in Italy and partly in Scotland. The book—a good one—has a tragic note. (Unwin. 294 pp. 6s.)

BISMILLAH.

By W. J. DAWSON.

A novel of Morocco, by the author of *God's Foundling* and *Middle Greyhens*. The scene is Tangier and the Riff country, and the leading characters are Arabs, an Englishman, and a Jewess. The story is romantic and dramatic, and full of colour. (Macmillan. 327 pp. 6s.)

A KING OF SHREDS AND
PATCHES.

By EMILY P. FINNEMORE.

A quiet story of rustic life, pathetic, humorous, and poignant. The end is happy. In its way this book is a return to methods which an older generation esteemed more than the present one does—and a pleasant return too. (Lawrence & Bullen. 336 pp. 6s.)

SETTLED OUT OF COURT.

By G. B. BURGIN.

Another consignment of sentiment and London facetiousness. In the new book a cat talks. It says: "Who cares about his mouldy old antediluvian haddock? I don't, I'm sure. Mackerel's my mash." (Pearson. 324 pp. 6s.)

THE ROCK OF THE LION.

By M. ELLIOT SEAWELL.

A story of the siege of Gibraltar, by an American writer. A stirring book. Paul Jones swaggers through it, and at the end the *Royal George* goes down with twice four hundred men and Admiral Kempenfeldt. There are good pictures and a particularly good cover. (Harpers. 331 pp. 6s.)

THE MONEY MARKET.

By E. F. BENSON.

A story of money-lending. The young man who inherits the fortune thus derived sacrifices it on principle and is dubbed a lunatic "in the little world which is called the great." With the fortune goes Sybil. But Percy finds another love to whom he can say: "The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." Percy does not talk like that always,—only when he is quoting the Song of Solomon. (Arrowsmith. 208 pp. 1s.)

ANNA.

By E. HOVENDON.

A story of modern London. "And women—are there only two kinds?" "Yes—dears and devils." A crude book. (Digby & Long. 194 pp. 3s. 6d.)

IN THE DAYS GONE BY.

By GRANVILLE GRAHAME.

A record of passion by a woman. Intense. "His lips reminded me of iron gates closed and locked in eternal resistance; I almost heard the clash as he finished speaking." (Digby & Long. 360 pp. 6s.)

TWO HUSBANDS.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

"Winter's Annual," a successor to *Boottle's Baby*. (White. 110 pp. 1s.)

THE SILVER CROSS.

By S. R. KEIGHTLEY.

Another first-person-singular romance of France and Mazarin. On the first page the hero's hand is on his rapier. On the last we find that "there are more serious things in the world than politics." Between these extremes there is love and intrigue. (Hutchinson. 319 pp. 6s.)

THE WORLD BEWITCHED.

BY JAMES M. GRAHAM.

The cover is an adaptation of Méryon's etching of a Notre Dame devil, and the whole is of witchcraft among the Pyrenees many years ago. It is a serious and gloomy work, yet here is an unconsciously humorous passage: "They were all cousins of mine: Ignacio Echeverriagaray, Pepito Yeiniagiabetia, Ernesto Garteizgoeoechea, Juan Baptista Arrechudenta, Inocencio Zumalacarregia—" 'Enough, Fernando,' said the priest hurriedly." (Harpers. 357 pp. 6s.)

ONE WAY OF LOVE.

BY DOLLIE RADFORD.

A young woman falls in love with a man twelve years her senior. He kisses her and vanishes. She sets forth to find him. After passages of studio life in London, he is discovered—as the *fiancé* of one of the art students. (Unwin. 189 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE KEY OF THE HOLY HOUSE

BY ALBERT LEE.

An historical romance of the Netherlands: the Prince of Orange, the Inquisition, Don Christobal, and so forth. Towards the end the scene changes from Antwerp to England, and we are shown Queen Elizabeth. "The good Queen Bess!" shouted one in the crowd." (Pearson. 364 pp. 6s.)

SINCE THE BEGINNING.

BY HUGH CLIFFORD.

A very careful interpretation of Malayan life and character by the author of *In Court and Kampong*. (Grant Richards. 288 pp. 6s.)

CHESTER CRESSWELL.

BY NAUNTON COVERTSIDE.

"A strange girl—erratic—beautiful!" murmured Cresswell, looking after her with a curiously sympathetic face. 'But, thank heaven, she is gone. And now for my journey—a fool's journey I fear it will be—perhaps a never-ending one'—and so forth. From which we gather that Naunton Covertside is a woman's pseudonym. (Digby & Long. 335 pp. 6s.)

A GIRL FROM THE STATES.

BY GORDON STABLES.

Dr. Stables is known best for his books for boys and about dogs. Here he offers conventional romance. Incidentally there is comicality. "Love's a quare thing," says an Irishman, "but I can't tell you more, for troth! I'm spacheless whenever I talk about it." (Digby & Long. 305 pp. 3s. 6d.)

WINDYHAUGH.

BY GRAHAM TRAVERS.

The heroine, Wilhelmina, "carved no statue, painted no picture, composed no oratorio; but, when all these things have been excluded, there remains that little art of living which has been open in all ages alike to the wise and to the simple." A pleasant, simple book. (Blackwood & Sons. 446 pp. 6s.)

SENEX.

BY ALICE A. CLOWES.

The story of an unhappy marriage planned by a worldly mother. The intentions of the author are good, but her style is only this: "And one day, when he mentioned, lightly enough, that in the autumn the regiment was moving off to India, something at her heart struck so sharply that

her face flushed, and a startled look of positive dismay came into her fawn-like eyes." (Sonnenschien. 203 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE DUKE OF LINDEN.

BY JOSEPH F. CHARLES.

A romance of Rhineland, dealing with the fortunes of the Storckens and the Lichtens, between whom a long-standing feud had existed. The story takes us into petty German wars, and is full of incident. (John Lane. 295 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE LOST LINER.

BY ROBERT CROMIE.

A novel of sea and shipwreck. There is a capital third officer who shouts into the second-class smoke-room: "Look here, you land-lubbers . . . we've lost a lot of our crew, and the passengers are going silly, and if they break loose the half of them will be in the azure main before they know where they are. I have no orders from the captain, but I speak for myself." (Aickin. 211 pp.)

POOR HUMAN NATURE.

BY ELIZABETH GODFREY.

The keynote of this novel is struck in the lines printed as its motto-verse:

Love; grief; pain,
And joy in the midst of common labour—
These are the atmosphere of the spirit;
And those live most who do not fear to inhale
Deep draughts of life in patient humbleness.
The fear of God is clean; clean, too, the hearts
That dwell on wind-washed heights of simple truth.

(Grant Richards. 334 pp. 6s.)

FOUR FOR A FORTUNE.

BY ALBERT LEE.

A story of hidden, and discovered, treasure, ending in 1894. The author protests that his story is true, and can be verified. "But let him who is not interested in brawl and battle, in the smell of the sea, in treasure-hunting and the staking of human life for gold, in treachery and hate, in perseverance and daring—let him, I say, put this book aside." (Harper & Bros. 300 pp. 6s.)

THE COST OF HER PRIDE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

"As I live, I came back determined to try and win you for my wife. Judge, then, how cruel your punishment was. Now, for the present, I vow I will not offend you by posing as a lover until I see some signs of relenting. Look here! Suppose you come and dine with me at the Cri.?" (F. V. White & Co. 313 pp. 6s.)

HER MARRIAGE VOW.

BY C. V. ROGERS.

She had just consented, "with downcast eyes and rosy-tinted cheeks," to go walking with him, and as she moved away into the breakfast-room "he stood gazing after her, his heart in his eyes, and with difficulty restraining himself from calling out, 'My queen, my love. Althea, you are mine for ever.'" (F. V. White & Co. 292 pp. 6s.)

A CLOUDY DAWN.

BY ANNE VICTORIA DUTTON.

A domestic novel concerned with love and social problems, and the ordinary routine of modern middle-class existence. The author's manner is bright and to the point. (Chapman & Hall. 288 pp. 6s.)

The Academy.

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Views.

The Condition of Empire.

SUNSET at Alexandria on July 10, 1882, saw the French Mediterranean fleet, with colours flying, slipping past the old lighthouse at Ras-el-Tin into blue water. With their sterns towards Egypt and the Nile, the international situation was thus depicted in undying symbol. In leaving Egypt at the moment of stress, the French relinquished to England the only path that leads from the Great Pyramid to Table Mountain, and the only means of winning honest sovereignty over the Nile and its tributaries. Ambitious beyond her capacity, and with glory as a decadent ideal, prudence prevented France from leaving her flank exposed to Germany by entangling herself in the suppression of Arabi's rebellion. Hence her retirement. Exactly sixteen years later, on July 10, 1898, a mosquito-haunted spit of malarial Nile mud witnessed the arrival of nine gallant Frenchmen, with a handful of Senegalese, stealthily instructed by their lawyer-journalist chiefs to creep in at Egypt's back door, and thus retrieve the retreat of July 10, 1882. France sought to revoke the irrevocable by a trick, and then to sustain her position by rhetoric.

In Kitchener's meeting at Fashoda with the intrepid and betrayed Marchand, history only repeated like a parrot the story of former encounters between champions of the two races in the lists of empire. Illustrious fighters and explorers of the Latin and Anglo-Saxon races have met for centuries. Details differ, but the results of these meetings are uniform. Kitchener's meeting with Marchand was the sign that British Imperial predominance in Africa is assured, although blood may yet flow in torrents before it is accepted. Clive's meeting with Dupleix settled the question of the ownership of India. Dupleix was recalled, only to become a hero after he was dead. Dupleix, like Marchand and Liotard, recognised with perfect accuracy the right thing to do, though he like them did not possess the men to do it; and, like them, owed his failure to the fanciful folly of his rulers. Canadian dominion was determined by the meeting of Wolfe and Montcalm. If Australia is peopled from the loins of

British sires, the fact is due to the meeting of Villeneuve and Nelson, despite the luckless fate of La Perouse. And if thus with France, so with other races. Drake and Medina Sidonia, Blake and Van Tromp, were rivals of the same class. And who doubts but that the struggle personified in Rhodes and Kruger will end in the same way? England's champion has still to meet the coming Slav empire builder.

Were it possible to see clearly the British Empire—and its builders—from a great way off, and to be rid of race bias in comparing them with the makers of other empires dead or unfinished, it would be impossible to resist the impression that a fundamental difference exists between the Anglo-Saxon and other races, and that the difference is not one of ability, or of courage, or of muscle, but of something apart from all these; and, further, that it is to this quality that our race owes to-day the use of sea power; rule in India, Africa, Australia, America, and the temperate places of the earth; and to the lack of this mysterious quality is due the fact that France has failed where we succeed. Before 1950, if we preserve this secret, we may reasonably expect to add the Yangtse Valley, half Persia, the Arabian coastline, and Siam, thus making the land-line British from Suez to the Malay States; and the new political centre of gravity in the Pacific predominantly Anglo-Saxon.

In the course of her empire building Britain has hired the Germans, checked the Slav, mastered the French, and girdled the earth. But the pride of empire is not found in these things, nor in the size of territory, nor in victories by land and sea. Kitchener's dramatic blow, like the "Nelson touch," is not an end in itself, although the music-halls shout otherwise. Omdurman, like Trafalgar, is only the means to an end. Pursuit of glory for its own sake is the malarial taint of decadent races. To acquire territory not because it is useful, but because it is big, is no less an act of megalomania in a nation than a man. To attack a rival, not because war is necessary to existence, but because the fumes of victory are delicious, is no remedy even for self-consciousness. What, then, is the definite end of empire towards which Englishmen may safely strain nerve, empty pocket, and even die to obtain, and what is the quality by which they can get it?

The positive value of extended empire is threefold. It is to be found in holding in trust the power of giving to men of every colour, race, and creed equal opportunities of enjoying the one system in the whole world which really combines liberty with order, and maintains the sea as a wide common open to every flag. Consequent on the administration of this trust follows: (1) Increase of trade. (2) A healthy outlet for surplus population. (3) Giving to the Queen's subjects better chances in life than they would have as inhabitants of a crowded and discontented State.

But we have had hard lessons to learn before the secret of empire was revealed. The old bad system of British colonisation was a jumble of two conflicting ideas. Before 1776 the old colonial system claimed to rule the colonists because they were Englishmen, and yet to govern them as if they were subjugated Indians. While England treated

them as an inferior and a conquered people, she gave them so much liberty that they could easily rebel. They did rebel, and their rebellion taught our forbears that only one kind of empire can live and last on this earth; and it taught them to break for ever with the Spanish, Venetian, or Napoleonic conception of a dependency. Nobody thinks of inquiring whether Kent or Perthshire renders sufficient return for the money laid out on it, and until the Cape, Canada, and the Australias became to us as Perth and Kent no real tie united the widely separated parts of the Empire. This is a hard lesson, and it is one that the Latins refuse to learn. The missing element is character.

The British Empire to-day, in spite of appearances, is no longer held together by material or even political ties. The bond is not that of the balance sheet, but of the family. To speak, therefore, of "Colonial Possessions" is a misnomer. England does not own an acre in any temperate part of the world whither she can as of right send a starving Englishman who is willing to work. She has transferred her territorial rights to residents in occupation. They are of her own race, but Germans, Jews, and Poles are free, with all the rest of the world, to enjoy rights inherent to the owners and conquerors.

Such an empire as this on land and sea is only possible while its people remain the patricians of the human race, and not only excel others in the arts of peace and war, but proudly accept each other as equals, and deal with subject races in the spirit of honourable trustees. The advantages to be derived from the dependencies of India and Egypt are not only commercial. Both India and Egypt are heavy burdens; but expulsion from either would deal a fatal blow at the only trustee power on earth. We must hold them at all cost of blood and treasure; but governing India as our Indian services rule her is a demonstration of the character that lies at the root of permanent empire.

And what of the future? Obviously more territory and a larger population must come under the flag of England; but on the same hard conditions that India and Egypt are administered—first and foremost for the benefit of the governed. As 1776 taught us that our colonists are our equals, so 1857 showed us that government of the dark races must be pure, altruistic, and imperial, and free from the entanglement of material gain. Such an inheritance is too subtle to be fingered by men of sordid or unclean lives. Russia will fail in her attempts to create an empire in the Far East so long as her officials are dishonest and vicious, and so long as a vast military system is required to maintain it. An empire requiring more force than police by land and sea is moribund. England's Navy is an international police. Napoleon may succeed for a few years in galvanising into fitful life an empire based on the despotic use of physical force, but his secret perishes with him. The good of the governed and the open door are the conditions of imperial permanence.

Empire that stands on character rests on habits—the result of individual acts. Therefore, the secret of empire is only learned at the knee of a good mother.

ARNOLD WHITE.

Mr. Meredith's Early Poetry.

II. Nature Poems.

THOUGH a close lover of Nature, Mr. Meredith is no Thoreau, dwelling apart from humanity by the margin of his lake or in the shy recesses of the woods. How could he be, who in a dozen novels has kept such narrow watch and ward over the hearts of men? And in his poetry, too, the anachoretic ideal has no place. Human life and the riddle of it is to him of supreme interest. He is of those

who hither, thither fare

Close interthreading Nature with our kind;

and if he shuns cities, and seeks diurnal contact with the mind of the Great Mother, this is not solely for his personal refreshment, but that he may bring to the human hive the lessons of the sane and austere philosophy which a "reading of earth" affords. Some hint of this garnered wisdom the present paper may perhaps suggest.

Life presents itself to Mr. Meredith's acute analysis as a very tragic thing; an eternal conflict of the will and aspirations of man with the iron necessity of natural laws. The failure of the idealist—that is one of his favourite themes: and the spectacle becomes the more ironic because the laws which determine failure are usually rooted in the sufferer's own personality, come of his weaknesses and imperfections. Character is subdued by a destiny that is itself the child of character, and therefore ineluctable, *Æschylean*.

In tragic life, God wot,

No villain need be; passions spin the plot;

We are betrayed by what is false within.

One might illustrate this from any of the novels; better still, perhaps, from the poem just quoted, "Modern Love." Here is a tragedy in sonnets. The subject is the drifting asunder of two who began life in a golden haze. And why did they drift asunder? They were both idealists, and—oh! irony of it—the ideals clashed. He dreamed of love as going hand in hand with strenuous life; for her love must be all in all, would brook no rival:

In Love's deep woods,

I dreamt of loyal life:—the offence is there!

Love's jealous woods about the sun are curled;

At least, the sun far brighter there did beam.

My crime is that, the puppet of a dream,

I plotted to be worthy of the world.

Oh! had I with my darling helped to mine

The facts of life, you still had seen me go

With hindward feather and with forward toe,

Her much-adored delightful Fairy Prince!

And so, throughout the magnificent evolution of the poem, you watch the rift widening. Misunderstanding grows upon misunderstanding: the "hooked and winged" thing, the "scaly dragon-fowl" that lies in wait obscurely deep in every soul asserts himself, and the tangle grows beyond putting right. And all through the failure to see life clearly, to grasp and accept its limitations. So, at least, one reader reads the story, and the final sonnet, or envoy, would seem to justify the interpretation:

Thus piteously Love closed what he begat:

The union of this ever-diverse pair!

These two were rapid falcons in a snare,

Condemned to do the flitting of the bat.

Lovers beneath the singing sky of May,
 They wandered once; clear as the dew on flowers:
 But they fed not on the advancing hours:
 Their hearts held cravings for the buried day.
 Then each applied to each that fatal knife,
 Deep questioning, which probes to endless dole.
 Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
 When hot for certainties in this our life!—
 In tragic hints here see what evermore
 Moves dark as yonder midnight ocean's force,
 Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior horse,
 To throw that faint thin line upon the shore.

If this, then, is life, is there any remedy which may purge away the tragedy, or at least teach man to endure? Assuredly, says Mr. Meredith, if man will but learn of Nature. It is Melampus, the wise physician, to whom the secrets of birds and flowers have been revealed, who is

Luminous-eyed for earth and the fates,
 We arm to bruise or caress us.

And the wisdom of Nature is acquiescence; not the vegetative acquiescence of those who "have the secret of the bull and lamb," the Gammons of life, whose clod no spark has ever disturbed; not the light acquiescence of young blood, which lasts but until a shadow passes over the sun; but a transcendental acquiescence, born of sympathy and understanding. "More brain, more brain," that is the first and last need for man, that he may recognise his limitations, and, recognising, subdue. We have seen how Mr. Meredith loves the bracing of shrewd Nature no less than the cheer of boon Nature. And hence a law for the spiritual as well as the physical perception. The acquiescence must be catholic, not discriminating:

Accept, she says; it is not hard
 In woods, but she in towns
 Repeats, accept.

It is by meeting adversity that man learns, and by triumphing over his senses:

Master the blood, nor read by chills,
 Earth admonishes,

You attain by effort. "Follow the way of the husband-man"; press on, not seeking for spiritual anodynes, or questioning too curiously of the "Whither" and the "Whence," but setting hand strenuously to what lies there to be done.

Contention is the vital force,
 Whence pluck they brain, her prize of gifts,
 Sky of the senses! on which height,
 Not disconnected, yet released,
 They see how spirit comes to light,
 Through conquest of the inner beast.

And when the spiritual apprehension has replaced the pricking of the sense in man, then he has attained the permitted success. He is armed for his fate. "Never is earth misread by brain"; and at one with her, he will find her responsive, mistress of unexpected soothing and undreamed-of delights.

The root-ideas, here roughly indicated, seem to us to underlie all Mr. Meredith's nature poetry on its philosophical side. They receive, perhaps, their most formal and deliberate expression in two poems worthy of the most patient study—"The Woods of Westermmain" and "A Faith on Trial." The briefest of analysis may be

attempted. The woods of Westermmain are the mystic woods of life. To the confident wayfarer they give a wonderful invitation:

Enter these enchanted woods
 You who dare.
 Nothing harms beneath the leaves
 More than waves a swimmer cleaves.

Toss your heart up with the lark,
 Foot at peace with mouse and worm,
 Fair you fare.

Only at a dread of dark
 Quaver, and they quit their form:
 Thousand eyeballs under hoods
 Have you by the hair.

Enter these enchanted woods
 You who dare.

The metaphor is kept, and the visions of delight vouchsafed to those properly equipped to see them dwelt upon. To them is unfolded "the heaven of things." They are in the world, and not of it.

Sharing still its bliss and woe;
 Harnessed to its hungers, no.

They may read deep in the book of Nature, and get some glimpse of her impenetrable designs. But the condition is that the right faculty be brought to bear—soul, not sense:

Look you with the soul you see 't.

Not that the senses are denied their share: the old interpretations of the morning of time are not barred by "the sterner worship."

Banished is the white Foam-born
 Not from here, nor under ban
 Phoebus lyrist, Phoebe's horn,
 Pipings of the reedy Pan.

On the contrary, the spiritual apprehension gives a new reality, a new permanence, to that of sense. The young blood-heat, brought to measure, feeds a larger self. Love, above all, finds thus for the first time its proper meaning: the old battle of the sexes is dissolved in the taming of man and the exaltation of women:

Goddess, is no myth inane,
 You will say of those who walk
 In the woods of Westermmain.

But remember the caution: a false note in the temper of him who ventures is the sign of discords. He must move rightly attuned.

You must love the light so well
 That no darkness will seem fell:
 Love it so, you could accost
 Fellowly a livid ghost.

This is the clue of it, which makes development to the higher plane possible. And always waiting is the snare of the lower self, the old Dragon, often riven, never slain. He too, however, shall some day be tamed, shall forget the "mine and thine," and shall serve reason. What, then, is the goal of development, "the fount and lure o' the chase"? It is the right apprehension of the meaning of Nature, the reading of her riddle. Men seek to know her in many ways, and in all the self of sense has its word. She gives no answer; is all flux, an inscrutable and

remorseless succession of sowing and reaping, life and death. But this is the fault of the questioner :

See you so, your senses drift;
'Tis a shuttle weaving swift.
Look with spirit past the sense,
Spirit shines in permanence.

Only through reason can man see Nature as she is : and then she becomes the key to every doorway. The tangle of the serpent vanishes with the misprision of earth ; and the sane pleasures of blood, brain and spirit endure. Man pays his debt, and leaves to earth the future task. Nor is she slow to reward :

Eglantine that climbs the yew,
She her darkest wreathes for those
Knowing her the ever-new,
And themselves the kin o' the rose.

Thus is the inmost of life and of its ardours made manifest, through the steady pursuit of light. Thus the man becomes rooted in earth ; no glooms in Westermains can ever appal : and from the heights the tidal world is seen as it is, reconciled from its ebb and flow. The last lines of the poem give once more the warning :

Are you of the stiff, the dry,
Cursing the not understood :

then,

You are lost in Westermains :
Earthwood swoops a vulture sun,
Nighted upon carrion,
Straightway venom wine-cups shout
Toasts to One whose eyes are out.

The sustained metaphor and wealth of subordinate imagery in "The Woods of Westermains" make it, in our opinion, one of the most difficult, as it is one of the fullest of poems. "A Faith on Trial" is more direct, simpler in expression, and charged with the pathos of a personal note. It falls into two parts. The first, which is one of the most beautiful things, and certainly the most intimate thing, which Mr. Meredith has written, lies a little outside the scheme of this article. It is the narrative of an experience. The sentence of death hangs over the poet's wife. It is May-day, and he carries his numbed heart into the accustomed wild-wood ways :

And around
The sky was in garlands of cloud
Winning scents from unnumbered new births,
Pointed buds, where the woods were browned
By a mouldered beechen shroud ;
Or over our meads of the vale,
Such an answer to sun as he
Brave in his gold ; to a sound,
None sweeter, of woods flapping sail ;
With the first full flood of the year,
For their voyage on lustreful sea ;
Unto what curtained haven in chief,
Will be writ in the book of the sere.

But for the poet, the message of earth is lost on this morning. He sees, but it is only with the outward eye, by disciplined habit. He broods over

Sensations that make
Of a ruffled philosophy rags :

Earth has become to him no longer "a mother of grace," but "a mother of aches and jests." Then he

describes the change in his mood wrought by the sudden vision of a white wild cherry in bloom against a background of yews on the slope of the down ; how it brings him back to faith, and once more, on the strength of his reading of earth, he accepts.

The second part of the poem is more abstract : it sets forth the wisdom "rough written and black" that came with the peace in the soul. The teaching should be by now familiar. Only then is man "orb to the greater whole" when the brain takes the place of the rebel heart, "our lord of sensations at war." Nature has no ready pity, gives no tear for tear. To "flesh in revolt" she has no promise and no word.

We are asking her wheels to pause.

To those who seek easy consolation in the creeds and legends she is equally implacable :

She yields not for prayers at her knees ;
The woolly beast bleating will shear.

The only way to win "her medical herb" is through seeing and hearing, through the real. Accept both death and life : let reason grapple with the "old worm, Self" : front the "sacred Reality" : and you have passed the ordeal of faith. Then follows a glorification of reason. The legends are nothing, and the questionings are nothing ; Nature is all. And by reason Nature must be won.

Men by the lash made lean,
Who in harness the mind subserve,
Their title to read her have earned ;
Having mastered sensation—insane
At a stroke on the terrified nerve ;
And out of the sensual hive,
Grown to the flower of brain ;
To know her a thing alive,
Whose aspects mutably swerve,
Whose laws immutably reign.

The poem closes with a message of Earth to her children, a promise to the idealists who press on untiring to their "dream of the blossom of good."

So meagre a summary will have served its purpose if it finds new readers for some of the most tonic and helpful of modern poetry. Mr. Meredith's is a great personality. He is an optimist, but his optimism is no facile optimism : it derives from temperament, and is fortified by contemplation. And surely to renew the springs of optimism, to refresh a wilting faith, is one of the most legitimate functions of a singer-seer.

E. K. C.

In the Event of War.

How the "Daily Mail" Would Work.

ABOUT a week ago, the *Daily Mail* despatched Mr. G. W. Steevens to Paris, and Mr. Wilfred Pollock to Gibraltar, to watch events in connexion with the Fashoda dispute, and, if necessary, to act as War Correspondents. Such downright action, in face of a situation which is growing calmer every day, and which many people have refused to regard as really serious, suggested a little inquiry. Accordingly I called (writes a representative of the ACADEMY) upon Mr. S. J. Pryor, Managing Editor

of the *Daily Mail*, and inveigled him into a desultory, but interesting, chat.

"You have really begun to send out correspondents?" I asked.

"Well, that would be a strong way of putting it. We are preparing. Mr. Steevens has gone to Paris to see and report any exciting events which might precede an open rupture. And Mr. Pollock has gone to Gibraltar to find out what is going on there; you see, if war broke out, Gibraltar would be a kind of stage-box, affording excellent facilities for facing the Mediterranean scenes of the drama."

"Still, even if there is war, Mr. Steevens may see no *emeute*, and Mr. Pollock may see no war-ships."

Mr. Pryor smiled, and taking a roll of blue papers from a pigeon-hole, spread it out on his table. I saw drawings and plans of ships. "What are these?" I asked, my curiosity leaping up.

"These are plans and specifications of steam yachts. We have chartered three or four good vessels, and they lie at home and in foreign ports ready to put to sea at a few hours' notice with our correspondents on board."

"You mean that these vessels would follow British squadrons?"

"Yes, and much else. You may readily imagine that they would hang around British blockading warships, and sail in their rear when a fight was brewing. They would sail under neutral flags, see all that was to be seen, and fly to the nearest British shore, or the nearest cable, with news."

"Then we are to picture the British fleet going into action followed by a dancing line of press-yachts?"

"Yes; something like that. The only way by which the public's breathless demand for news can be satisfied in a great naval war is by sending correspondents to sea in their own vessels, just as in the Soudan the correspondents' camp was practically a separate entity, and as with the Kaiser in the Holy Land the newspapers have a special camp of pilgrims absolutely distinct from any other."

"Would you send a correspondent on board one of our battleships?"

"That I cannot say. Probably the Admiralty would not allow it; and you can understand that his utility there would be limited. He might see the heart of the fight and know all secrets, but if he cannot go ashore and telegraph his news!—No, he might be in the best possible position to become the historian of the war, or to write a fascinating book when the war was over, but as a newspaper correspondent he would have no chance."

"Would you keep a correspondent at Gibraltar?"

"Probably; and of course at many other seaports and frontier places, with a view to obtaining news by circuitous routes and despite the thousand obstacles which would be put in our way. I could tell you some interesting things about the difficulties we had in obtaining news during the Spanish-American war."

"Will you give me an instance?"

"Well, we got our news from Madrid in a curious way. Every precaution was taken to prevent war news leaving the Spanish capital. No word could be telegraphed but under the censor's eye, or telephoned until that gentleman

had fixed the wire in his ear. Yet it was through the telephone that our news came. We allied ourselves to a Spanish newspaper in Madrid, and then stationed our man at a Spanish seaport close to France. Our Madrid correspondent just talked the news into our San Sebastian man's ear——"

"But the censor!"

"The correspondents talked the ordinary news in Spanish, but at intervals the Madrid special communicated some important piece of news in a few words of Basque, which our correspondents understood, but which the censor could not distinguish from Sanskrit."

"Good! Will you tell me this, Mr. Pryor, would your yachts assist the British commanders by bringing news of the enemy's movements?"

"Certainly. But I can tell you of a thing that occurred in the Spanish-American War. The American fleet was attended by newspaper yachts, and one day, when Admiral Sampson was anxious to send despatches ashore and could not spare a ship to take them, an enthusiastic correspondent offered to sail with the despatches. Sampson accepted the offer, and the paper made a tremendous point of the fact that it had lent its vessel to the Government. But it paid heavily for the privilege, for, while the correspondent was obliging Sampson, that admiral sailed away and bombarded Matanzas; and the result was that this paper was the only one that contained no account of that event."

"Were your own arrangements for the Spanish-American War very complete?"

"Oh, yes; but the war was a wretched affair. We had six correspondents giving their whole energies to the struggle, and we had a wire from this room to Valencia, and another into our New York office, just to hurry forward our New York intelligence. We could have done great things if opportunities had been given us."

"The cost of such arrangements must be tremendous?"

"There is no better word for it."

A Librarian in Trouble.

LAST week we printed an appeal from a librarian who had been requested by his committee to purchase fifty good modern books, exclusive of Scott, Tennyson, Browning, George Eliot, Meredith, Hardy, Kipling, Mrs. Ward, and Barrie. In printing his appeal we expressed a hope that some of our readers would help him over the stile. It is impossible to publish all the replies we have received, but the four that follow may be taken as typical:

LIST I.

History of Modern England. (Fyffe.)
Greater Britain. (Dilke.)
Influence of Sea Power on History. (Mahan.)
Influence of Sea Power on the French Revolution. (Mahan.)
England in Egypt. (Milner.)
Forty-One Years in India. (Roberts.)
Green's History of the English People.
Seeley's Expansion of England.
Bryce's American Commonwealth.
Albert N'Yanza. (Sir S. Baker.)
Lanfrey's History of Napoleon.

Gardiner's History of England.
 Jowett's Plato.
 Foundations of Belief. (Balfour.)
 Fors Clavigera. (Ruskin.)
 Præterita. (Ruskin.)
 The Art of England. (Ruskin.)
 Hope and Fears for Art. (W. Morris.)
 A Day with the Birds. (Warde Fowler.)
 Recollections of a Happy Life. (Miss North.)
 Specimen Days and Collect. (Walt Whitman.)
 Marius the Epicurean. (Pater.)
 Greek Studies. (Pater.)
 Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens. (Jane Harrison.)
 Emerson's Essays.
 Vegetable Mould. (Darwin.)
 Insectivorous Plants. (Darwin.)
 Climbing Plants. (Darwin.)
 Old Kensington. (Miss Thackeray.)
 War and Peace. (Tolstoi.)
 Anna Karénina. (Tolstoi.)
 Virgin Soil. (Turgénieff.)
 Fathers and Sons. (Turgénieff.)
 Daisy Miller. (James.)
 On the Face of the Waters. (Mrs. Steel.)
 Catriona. (R. L. Stevenson.)
 Weir of Hermiston. (R. L. Stevenson.)
 Treasure Island. (R. L. Stevenson.)
 John Inglesant. (Shorthouse.)
 Paris. (Zola.)
 The Downfall. (Zola.)
 Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. (Ian Maclaren.)
 Debtor and Creditor. (Freitag.)
 Not Wisely, but Too Well. (Miss Broughton.)
 A Village Tragedy. (Margaret Woods.)
 Story of an African Farm. (O. Schreiner.)
 The Sowers. (Merriman.)
 Lothair. (Beaconsfield.)
 Piccadilly. (Laurence Oliphant.)
 Brand. (Ibsen.)
 Peer Gynt. (Ibsen.)
 Life of Tennyson. (Lord Tennyson.)
 Life of Carlyle. (Froude.)
 Reminiscences. (Carlyle.)
 Life of Jowett. (Abbott and Campbell.)
 Matthew Arnold's Poems.
 Literature and Dogma. (Matthew Arnold.)
 Henley's Poems.
 Ward's English Poets.

LIST II.

Francis Place. (Graham Wallas.)
 Elementary Politics. (J. Raleigh.)
 Lorna Doone. (Blackmore.)
 Demos. (Gissing.)
 Grub Street. (Gissing.)
 The Child of the Jago. (Morrison.)
 Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. (Ian Maclaren.)
 Auld Lang Syne (Ian Maclaren.)
 Kate Carnegie. (Ian Maclaren.)
 Clog Shop Chronicles. (John Ackworth.)
 Daniel Quorn. (Mark Guy Pearse.)
 Tom Brown's Schooldays. (Thomas Hughes.)
 Mehalah. (Baring Gould.)
 Court Royal. (Baring Gould.)
 John Herring. (Baring Gould.)
 Peter Halket of Mashonaland. (O. Schreiner.)

Mr. Magnus. (F. R. Statham.)
 The Sowers. (Merriman.)
 Roden's Corner. (Merriman.)
 Rich and Poor. (Mrs. Bosanquet.)
 The Children of the Ghetto. (Zangwill.)
 The Wheels of Chance. (H. G. Wells.)
 Chronicles of Carlingford. (Mrs. Oliphant.)
 Kirsteen. (Mrs. Oliphant.)
 Mr. Isaacs. (Marion Crawford.)
 Joshua Davidson. (Lynn Lynton.)
 The Silence of Dean Maitland. (Maxwell Grey.)
 A Primer of the Bible. (Prof. W. H. Bennett.)
 England in Egypt. (Alfred Milner.)
 The History of the Great Northern Railway. (C. H. Grinling.)
 Homer and Virgil. (William Morris.)
 St. Bernard. (J. Cotter Morrison.)
 Oxford. (Andrew Lang.)
 Cambridge. (J. W. Clark.)
 The Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers. (Aytoun.)
 Master Skylark: A Tale of Shakespeare's Times. (J. Bennett.)
 Seven Little Australians. (Ethel Turner.)
 Guide to London. (E. T. Cook.)
 Handbook to National Gallery. (E. T. Cook.)
 Studies in Board Schools. (Charles Morley.)
 Wild Nature Won by Kindness. (Mrs. Brightwen.)
 Little Lord Fauntleroy. (Mrs. Hodgson Burnett.)
 A Lady of Quality. (Mrs. Hodgson Burnett.)
 That Lass o' Lowrie's. (Mrs. Hodgson Burnett.)
 Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry. (W. Carleton.)
 Murray's University Extension Series.
 The London Programme. (Sidney Webb.)
 Fabian Essays.

LIST III.

H. W. A. writes: "I enclose a list of thirty-two books I have read and enjoyed. I can honestly recommend every one. I have put down eight American writers: they deserve more attention than English readers usually give them. When I say that my favourite novelist is Thomas Hardy, you will believe that I am not a lover of trash. This merely to give weight to my selections."

Novels, &c

On the Face of the Waters. (Mrs. Steel.)
 Elder Conklin, and Other Stories. (Harris.)
 Children of the Ghetto. (Zangwill.)
 The Master. (Zangwill.)
 The Wages of Sin. (Malet.)
 Lying Prophets. (Phillpotts.)
 Stark Munro Letters. (Doyle.)
 Born in Exile. (Gissing.)
 In the Year of Jubilee. (Gissing.)
 The Whirlpool. (Gissing.)
 The Cloister and the Hearth. (Reade.)
 Put Yourself in His Place. (Reade.)
 It's Never Too Late to Mend. (Reade.)
 The Minister's Charge. (Howells.)
 Rudder Grange. (Stockton.)
 Adventures of Huckleberry Finn. (Twain.)
 The Choir Invisible. (Allen.)
 Rose of Dutcher's Coolly. (Garland.)
 Jerome. (Miss Wilkins.)
 The Mutable Many. (Barr.)
 Illumination. (Frederic.)
 In the Valley. (Frederic.)

Outre Mer (Impressions of America, 1894). (Bourget.)
 The Far East. (Norman.)
 Travels in West Africa. (Kingsley.)
 The Wonderful Century. (Wallace.)
 Social Evolution. (Kidd.)

Poetry.

Poems. (Henley.)
 The Hope of the World. (Watson.)

Miscellaneous.

Matthew Arnold's Letters. (Russell.)
 Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle. (Shorter.)
 Plays—Pleasant and Unpleasant. (Shaw.)

LIST IV.

S. S. writes: "I am sending you a list of books that my husband and I hope some day to buy. I am very fond of lending books to my friends, so my list is mainly composed of those I thought people might like to read. On that account it might be of some use to you."

Fiction.

Across an Ulster Bog. (Hamilton.)
 McCleod of the Camerons. (Hamilton.)
 A Village Tragedy. (Woods.)
 Mehalab. (Baring Gould.)
 Mrs. Curgenven of Curgenven. (Baring Gould.)
 The Danvers Jewels. (Cholmondeley.)
 Sir Charles Danvers. (Cholmondeley.)
 Diana Tempest. (Cholmondeley.)
 My Trivial Life and Misfortune.
 Aunt Anne. (Mrs. Clifford.)
 Romance of the First Consul. (Malling.)
 Monochromes. (D'Arcy.)
 Modern Instances. (D'Arcy.)
 The Golden Age. (Grahame.)
 The Green Book. (Jokai.)
 Black Diamonds. (Jokai.)
 Not Wisely But Too Well. (Broughton.)
 The Iceland Fisherman. (Loti.)
 Patience Sparhawk. (Atherton.)
 Dolly Dialogues. (Hope.)
 Tess of the D'Urbervilles. (Hardy.)
 The African Farm. (O. Schreiner.)
 Grania. (Lawless.)
 Hurrish. (Lawless.)
 Liza o' Lambeth. (Maugham.)
 The Odd Women. (Gissing.)
 Illumination. (Frederic.)
 Silence. (Miss Wilkins.)
 The Story of Ab. (Stanley Waterloo.)
 The Fatal Gift. (F. Moore.)
 The Jessamy Bride. (F. Moore.)
 Esther Waters. (G. Moore.)
 German Love. (Max Müller.)

Poetry.

Light of Asia. (Arnold.)
 Poems. (Phillips.)
 Battle of the Bays. (Seaman.)

Miscellaneous.

Adventures of the Broad Arrow. (Roberts.)
 An Outlaw of the Marches. (E. Hamilton.)
 Silk o' the Kine. (L. McManus.)
 The Gunrunner. (Bertram Mitford.)
 Sign of the Spider. (Bertram Mitford.)
 The Skipper's Wooing. (Jacobs.)
 Many Cargoes. (Jacobs.)

Miscellaneous (continued).

Sea Urchins. (Jacobs.)
 Three Men in a Boat. (Jerome.)
 Samantha among the Brethren.
 Tom Sawyer. (Twain.)
 Diary of a Nobody. (Grossmith.)
 Vice Versa. (Anstey.)
 The Western Avernus. (Morley Roberts.)
 Australian in China. (Morrison.)
 Malay Sketches. (Swettenham.)
 Soul of a People. (Fielding.)
 Story of the Heavens. (Ball.)
 Gardiner's Cromwell.
 Lewes's History of Philosophy.
 Walter Besant's History of Jerusalem.
 Peter the Great.
 Catherine the Great.
 Collections and Recollections.
 Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle. (Shorter.)
 Making of a Schoolgirl. (Sharp.)
 Greek Poets. (Symonds.)
 Benvenuto Cellini.

Pretty Books.

WE began talking about pretty books. Said he: "People will have them now. They have been educated to know a pretty book from a plain one; few books can now afford to be dowdy."

"Would you say that books are bought for their prettiness rather than to be read?"

"By some, certainly. But what of that? More books are sold; and hundreds of people who buy *Morte d'Arthur* because it looks pretty on the counter read it because it is medicinal to the soul. Those publishers who have established a reputation for pretty books are now reaping the profit, while other publishers who have neglected their *formats* are in disfavour. Any pretty series of books appearing in monthly volumes, if it be good, is in demand. People love to call for their monthly volume, and see their sets grow."

"Are beautiful books bought speculatively now, as in the old 'large paper' days?"

"Not much. Some people, you know, burnt their fingers over Mr. Holmes's *Life of the Queen*, and 'buying for a rise' survives here and there. We do not like these speculating customers. If there is no rise they feel indefinitely aggrieved, and want us to take the book off their hands. There is little satisfaction in such trade. Why, in the old days I have known a man buy a parcel of *belles-lettres* and never open the books, or so much as remove them from my shop. He just bought for a rise, and the books lay with me until the rise came. Sometimes it never came, and then I had bother."

"Has the large paper craze completely subsided?"

"Oh, yes. Large paper copies are nowhere. The pretty book is wanted by everyone now, and the 'fancy' are crowded out. The public are the 'fancy'; and the publisher is becoming an artist. Yes, that's a pretty book; I shall sell dozens, scores, as Christmas cards."

The Contributors' Playground.

Traits.

I LOVE the gentle and *petite* forms of literature. I look for the day when the Elian essay, and the Horatian ode, and the Theophrastian "character" shall blossom again, and a man shall have something to roll on his tongue and flick at a friend. And thus, in a week which, I suppose, has produced thirty new novels, I have returned to the *Microcosmography* of John Earle. This book, which, to extend its title, is "A Piece of the World Discovered in Essays and Characters," contains seventy-seven delineations, to each of which a page or so is consecrated. We have A Young Man, A Good Old Man, A Plausible Man, A Detractor, An Ordinarie Honest Fellow, A Poore Man, An Attorney, A Pot-Poet, A Meere Gull Citizen, and so forth. These types are not otherwise named: they are descriptions, not creations, and they were written when Charles the First wore his head; yet they are more real to me than half the voluble folk I meet in novels—to say nothing of this, that I prefer a witty showman to the best show. Earle is witty.

Take these touches in the description of a "Sharke," or borrower: "No man puts his Braine to more use than he, for his life is a daily invention, and each meale a new Stratagem. . . . He offers you a Pottle of Sacke out of his joy to see you, and in requitall of this courtesie, you can doe no lesse than pay for it. He is fumbling with his purse-strings, as a Schoole-boy with his points [laces], when hee is going to be Whipt, till the Master, weary with long Stay, forgives him." Of "A Pretender to Learning" we read: "He is oftner in his study than at his Booke, and you cannot pleasure him better than to deprehennd him [take him unawares]. Yet he heares you not till the third knocke, and then comes out very angry, as interrupted. You find him in his Slippers and a pen in his eare, in which formality he was asleep. . . . Hee never talkes of anything but learning, and learnes all from talking." As pleasantly portrayed, or shall we say transfixed, is the "Affected Man," who "must be point blank in every trifle, as if his credit and opinion hung upon it; the very space of his arms is an imbrace studied before, and premeditated. . . . Every action of his cryes *Doe yee marke mee?* and men doe marke him, how absurd he is." So the "Mere Complementall Man": "His proffers are universal and generall with exceptions against all particulars; hee will doe anything for you; but if you urge him to this, hee cannot, or to that hee is engaged; but hee will doe anything."

Let it not be thought that Earle cannot draw a good man. His "Staid Man," who "can come fairely off from Captaines' companies, and neither drinke nor quarrel," is admirable; "a man well poys'd in all humours, in whom Nature shewd most Geometry, and hee has not spoyl'd the Worke. A man of more wisdom than wittnesse, and braine then fancy; and abler to any thing then to make Verses." I have picked Earle's lines easily. I leave him on this—"A Child": "The older he growes, hee is a staire lower from God; and like his first father much worse in his breeches. He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse: the one imitates his pureness, and

the other falls into his simplicitie. Could hee put off his body with his little Coate, he had got eternitie without a burthen, and exchang'd but one Heaven for another." That is beautiful, and there is nothing else to compare with it; but I commend the *Microcosmography* to all who love a book with tang and flavour.

H.

"Evenèn in the Village."

AFTER dinner the other day, in a mood of pastoral reminiscence, I sat down to smoke and ruminate over a volume of Barnes, that Dorset poet whom I trust Mr. Lang, if he has snatched time to glance at him, now values at the worth of a laurel-leaf or two. I happened upon "Evenèn in the Village." I read and re-read it, and read it yet again. As a piece of suggestive description, commonplace, indeed, in its truth, but full of the essential melancholy of the twilight, of its thin sounds, and of its sudden silences, it appears to me an admirable thing. Here it is:

Now the light o' the west is a-turn'd to gloom,
An' the men be at hwome vrom ground;
An' the bells be a-zenden all down the Coombe
From tower, their mwaoansome sound.
An' the wind is still,
An' the house-dogs do bark,
An' the rooks be a-vled to the elems high an' dark,
An' the water do roar at mill.

An' the flickerèn light drough the window-peàne
Vrom the candle's dull fleàme do shoot,
An' young Jemmy the smith is a-gone down leàne,
A-playèn his shrill-vaiced flute.
An' the miller's man
Do zit down at his ease
On the seat that is under the cluster o' trees,
Wi' his pipe an' his cider can.

That is a perfect picture in perfect English words—tender, peaceful, strong; an echo from a robust Arcady. The fitful fluting dies upon the ear; silence shuts down; a bat wavers and is gone; and the night spreads her brooding wings.

S.

On Peter Piper.

CAN any reader of the ACADEMY, I wonder, help me to the origin of Peter Piper: of his first appearance and so forth? I refer to the Peter Piper who figures in the old nursery exercise in rapid speech: "Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper. Did Peter Piper pick a peck of pepper? If Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper, where's the peck of pepper Peter Piper picked?" A little book belonging to the beginning of the century, now lying before me, bears the title, *Peter Piper's Practical Principles of Plain and Perfect Pronunciation*, and therein the whole alphabet is aliteratively treated after the formula quoted above—"P" being represented by the above sentences. What I want to know is, whether the Peter Piper passage gave the author the idea for this little book; or if he reached Peter Piper in due course, and then selected him to serve in the title. Among the other letters there are good names. A has "Andrew Airpump asked his aunt her ailment"; B, "Billy

Button bought a buttered buscuit"; C, "Captain Crack skull cracked a Catchpoll's cockscomb"; while among the others are: "Enoch Elkrig ate an empty eggshell"; "Humphry Hunchback had a hundred hedgehogs"; "Inigo Impey inspected an Indian image"; "Kimbo Kemble kicked his kinsman's kettle"; "Matthew Mendlegs missed a mangled monkey"; "Quixote Quicksight quizzed a queerish quid-box"; "Tiptoe Tommy turned a Turk for twopence," and "Vincent Veedon viewed his vacant vehicle." There are two reasons why Peter Piper should have been selected for the title. One is that alliteration demanded it, the work being a help to "Pronunciation"; the other is that that was the day of Peters—Peter Pindar, Peter Plymley, and Peter Parley, for example. Just as George has of late been popular among feminine searchers for a pseudonym, Peter was then the natural choice of the social critic. Yet it is odd that whereas every nursery in the country to-day knows of Peter and his prowess, you may ask in vain for information concerning Andrew Airpump and Kimbo Kemble, Enoch Elkrig and Tiptoe Tommy, Matthew Mendlegs and Rory Rumpus.

V.

Things Seen.

The Humourist.

A BLAZE of sun along the dusty road, which wound from the door of the village inn, past cottage gardens, until it turned by the pond towards Chichester. It was one o'clock; the village street was empty. Suddenly through the sleepy air the bang and tinkle of a tambourine. "'Ooray! 'ooray! Livelier 'ere than Southsea. Where's the pretty gals? What ho! what ho!"

The village did not stir in its sleep. The collie by the doorstep opened one eye, and then dropped again into slumber.

The speaker was black and not comely. He wore the blazer of the eighties, with flannel trousers that might some day be white again; sand-shoes too, that yawned with weariness. But he came with a certain jauntiness into the inn, and I heard him asking, with a touch of anxiety in his tone, what they could do him half a pint and a piece of bread and cheese for.

The village still slept, and as I turned towards my lunch I saw him sitting on the corner of a bench in the bar-parlour, his elbows on his knees, and his chin on his hands, munching. The bitten edge of the bread was rimmed with black.

Half an hour later, as I smoked my pipe at the door, he came out, his tambourine under his arm. It was inscribed, in rough letters, "Little Willie." Over the gate of the cottage-garden opposite leaned an old man.

"Strollin' in the pawk?" said Little Willie to the old man, spinning his tambourine on a forefinger. The old man stared vacantly and put one hand to his ear. I walked towards him as Little Willie passed up the road.

"Makes 'is livin' that way, I s'pose," said the old man.

I looked after Little Willie. He was sitting by the side of the road doing something to one of his shoes. I think he was tying it up with grass.

An Interlude.

THE Captain was engaged in the task of persuading his canary to sing. This he did by rubbing a cork against a bottle, and occasionally interjecting "Swe-e-et! Swe-e-et!" and the other noises produced by sucking the lips together, with which human beings think to encourage birds.

"I've just been thinking," he said, "I don't know why, of the trouble I once had with a fireman. He had been bullying about all the voyage, giving the engineers lip, making the other men dissatisfied, grumbling at the food, and threatening all kinds of damage to the firm's reputation when we got ashore.

"This has got to be stopped," I thought; and one morning things came to a head. I was on the bridge and heard him saucing the chief. I went aft and took off my coat. He was a big fellow, much bigger than me, and I knew I must settle him right off or he'd settle me. I told the mate to fetch him and then stand by ready to come in if I called. The mate did it very well: he asked him, so as not to rouse his suspicions, 'Is your name Sullivan?' 'Yes,' said the man, 'that's my name.' 'Then the captain wants you in the cabin.'

"He swelled himself up at that and came swaggering aft. I heard him on the companion, and crept to the door. I waited till he got well inside and then let drive all I knew. My fist hit him full on the temple and he went over just like a ninepin. It took him by surprise, you see. I knew that was the only way. I must have hit him hard, for it put my thumb out, and it was that painful I could hardly lift my hand. In a moment he began to get up. I couldn't hit him again, I knew, so I just jumped for him and got my heel into his neck. Then he rolled over and never moved. 'Come and clear this fellow out of here,' I called to the mate, and they carried him for'ard and patched him up.

"His neck swelled up to twice its size, but he never bullied any more. My thumb was bad all the voyage, and below I carried the hand in a sling, but not on deck—oh, dear, no! The man went straight to the Consul to complain, in the first port we came to, but when I put the case before him the Consul took my side. Of course I never meant to kick his neck. Yes, we have awkward customers sometimes."

Then the Captain resumed his task of persuading the canary to sing. "Swe-e-et! Swe-e-et!" he called.

Similitude.

As I passed along the resonant street in the dark still hour before the dawn, a fiery lamp, like a dragon's eye, came swinging towards me, a few inches from the ground. At intervals a hoarse voice cried: "'Ware steam roller!" so I stepped on to the side-walk to let the herald pass. And in his wake rolled softly forward, upon pneumatic tyres, a bicycle. To see me so cautious the two mummers laughed gently, as the little antic procession wended slowly towards the East. And I thought, as the cry came muffled out of the distance, that just so, perhaps, the kind gods laugh when we take their warnings very gravely. For the present knows nothing of the terrors which had made the future frightful.



PAUL BOURGET.

From a Photograph by Dornac & Cie., Paris.

The Age of Love.

By Paul Bourget.

(Concluded.)

THE amiable white-haired dowager questioned me about my pretended works, and I replied by compulsory lies, with a scarlet on my cheeks that the good lady must have put down to natural timidity. And as if there were a mischievous imp ready to multiply temptations to evil-doing at certain moments, behold, the two young ladies whom I had watched go out returned in the middle of my unforeseen visit. Ah! What a living commentary I at once found for my interview with the feminist novelist on the Age of Love, and how clear everything in the old writer's discourse instantly became as I watched him chatter with one of the new arrivals! She was a girl of twenty, perhaps—Mlle. de Russaie, if I caught her name aright. A rather tall child, with a longish face lit up by two very dark and very soft eyes, singularly ardent and steady. Her likeness to the portrait of the *Salon Carré* of the Louvre, attributed to Francia, and known as the "Black Man," because of the sombre hue of garment and cloak, was striking. Round her mouth and nostrils shuddered that same conquered nervousness, that same contained fever, which gives this portrait its striking character, and I was not there a quarter of an hour without guessing, from her manner of looking at and listening to Fauchery, what a

passionate interest the old master had inspired. When he spoke she was entirely enthralled. When she spoke to him I felt her voice shudder, if I may say so, and he, the glorious writer, saturated with triumph, exhausted with work, seemed, since he was within the radius of this naïve idolatry, to have recovered the vivacity, the elasticity of impression, which is the sovereign grace of youth in love.

"I understand why he quoted Goethe and the young girl of Marienbad a while ago," I said to myself, laughing, while the hired carriage carried me back to Nemours. "He was thinking of himself. He is in love with that young girl, and he is loved by her. We'll hear soon that he is going to marry her. There's a marriage will produce copy. And when the fellow Pascal learns that I was present at the engagement! For the moment, let us think about the interview. Won't Fauchery be astounded to read it the day after to-morrow in the paper? But does he ever read newspapers? It's not right, certainly. But what harm will it do him? And besides, *the struggle for life!*"

I remember. It was with these arguments that I strove to deaden that inward voice that cried: "You have no right to write down on paper and serve up to the public what that noble writer said to you, taking you for a poet and not a reporter." But I also heard the editor's voice: "You won't succeed." And I am ashamed to confess the second voice got the better of the first, the more so as I had to do something to make

the time pass. For I had returned to Nemours too late for the train that would have taken me back to Paris in time for dinner. They gave me a clean and quiet room in the old inn. I said to myself: "I can write comfortably here"; and until bedtime, I spent my leisure in preparing the start of my inquiry. I scrawled there under the vivid impression of the afternoon, and—who knows?—with talent, whipped as my nerves were by a trifle of remorse; yes, I scrawled there four pages which would not have been out of place in *Goncourt's Journal*, that exquisite manual of the complete reporter. Everything was there: my journey and arrival at the castle; the silhouette of the coquettish edifice of the eighteenth century, with its curtain of trees and its clipped alleys; the master's sitting-room and the master himself, and his sayings, and the tea as a finish; and the aged novelist's smile in his circle of old and young women friends. It only needed the final word. "I shall find it when I awaken," I thought, and, such is the literary nature, I went to bed with the sentiment of accomplished duty. I had written—that I felt—under the pretext of an interview, my best page of romance.

What happens to us during sleep? Is there an irresistible and secret travail of our ideas that ferments unknown to us while our senses are closed to impressions of the outward world? However it may be, on awakening I found myself in a very different humour from that of the night before. Hardly ten minutes after I opened my eyes, Pierre Fauchery's image rose before me. At once the idea that I had abused the favour of his reception to such a degree grew quite unsupportable. I felt a passionate need to see him again, and ask pardon for my falsehood. I wanted to tell him who I was, with what design I had approached him, and how sorry I was. But there was no necessity for such a confession. I had only to destroy last night's pages. I rose with this purpose. Before tearing them up I read them over. And then—every writer will understand me—they seemed to me so good that I did not destroy them. A thought flashed across me: "Fauchery is so intelligent, so generous. After all, what is there in this interview that can hurt him? Nothing, absolutely nothing. If I went to see him again this very morning. If I told him my story, and that on the success of this interview depends my fortune as a journalist. When he knows that I have lived for five years in misery and fruitless labour, and that I became a pressman to secure a morsel of bread, he will forgive me, he will be sorry for me, he will reply: 'Publish your interview.' Yes—but should he forbid me to publish it? No, he won't."

I passed the morning debating this last strange project. A natural shame made it very painful. But in its favour were the object of conciliating the scruples of delicacy, my vanity as a paragraphist, and the interest of my pocket. I knew Pascal was most generous about interviews when they pleased him. Besides, had he not promised me a premium if I pumped Fauchery? So I resolved to attempt it, when, after a hurried breakfast, as I jumped into the cart I had already driven in the day before, I saw an emblazoned victoria, behind a splendid horse, roll rapidly by, and, with stupor, I recognised,

lying back among the cushions in a mournful reverie that singularly gave the lie to yesterday's good humour—whom? Pierre Fauchery himself. A small trunk placed on the box seat was sufficient proof that he was going to the station. I looked at my watch. The Paris train left in twelve minutes. I flung my things pell-mell into my valise, paid my bill without examining it; the same cart that was to have taken me to the Castle took me to the station at a tearing pace, and just as the train was moving I dropped on a seat in an empty compartment, opposite the famous novelist, who said: "You also desert Nemours? Like me, you need Paris for serious work."

Thus begun, the conversation should have led easily to the avowal I had resolved to make. But for that it needed, in the first place, that I should not be seized, before my unexpected companion, by an invincible timidity, then that his attitude should not inspire me with so great a curiosity. Twenty chances might explain this precipitate departure from the Castle I left him so comfortably installed in, from a telegram from a sick relation to a vulgar business appointment. But that the expression of his physiognomy should alter from yesterday, as it had done; that he should have become in those eighteen hours the worried, discouraged, used-up creature he seemed to be, when I had left him so happy in living, so gaily attentive to that pretty child, Mlle. de Russaie, who loved him, and whom he appeared to love, was an enigma that obsessed me, this time without any professional feeling. I was to learn the meaning before we reached Paris. At least I shall always believe that his discourse at a certain moment contained, under an indirect form, a confidence. He was still upset by the unexpected incident that had determined both his hurried departure, and this sudden metamorphosis of what he would have called, in the style of his novels, his "intimate heaven." The incident he recounted *per sfogarsi*, as Beyle loved to say, in the conviction that I would not find out the real hero. Yes, so I shall always believe, that he told me his own story as another's, and I like to believe it because it was so like himself, that way of feeling. It was again in connexion with the imaginary subject of my novel—that is, oh, irony! in connexion with the real subject of my interview—that he began:

"I have considered our conversation and your book, and I fear I ill-expressed my thought yesterday when I told you that we can love and be loved at every age. I should have added that sometimes the love comes too late. When, for instance, we have no longer the right to prove how much we love, except by sacrifice. I would like to give you, begging you not to use it, because the secret is not mine, a document, as they call it to-day, which is in itself a little drama, quite a *dénouement*." On my promise of discretion, he went on: "I have a friend, a comrade of my own age, who at twenty loved a young girl. He was poor. She was rich. Her relations separated them. The girl married, and died shortly afterwards. My friend lived on. Some day you will know that it is equally true that we recover from everything and are consoled for nothing. I was the confidant of his madness. So I was of the adventures that followed this first, this ineffaceable, experience. He felt and inspired other loves. He tasted other happinesses. He suffered other sorrows.

And yet, when we were alone, and we reached those confidences I call from behind the heart, ever the ideal bride of his twentieth year reappeared behind his speech. How often has he said to me: "I have ever sought her through the others, and as they never were her, since her I have never truly loved."

"And she?" I asked, "did she love him?"

"He did not think so," replied Fauchery, "at least she never told him so. Imagine now my friend at my age or nearly so. See him grey already, weary of life, and persuaded that he has at last reached the great quiet. Behold, staying in the country, with relations, he meets a child of twenty, the portrait, the hallucinating portrait of her he wanted to marry thirty years ago. You know, one of those extraordinary likenesses that go from the colour of the eyes to the tone of voice, from the smile to the thought, from the gesture to the most delicate shades of the heart. It is not in two disconnected phrases, but in pages and pages that one should study the strange sentiments I saw my friend attacked by: tenderness at once present and retrospective for the dead across the living; that hypnotism of the soul which does not know where memories and dreams end, where real emotion begins; that daily mingling of all that is most distant on earth: the ghost of a lost bride, and all that is most quick, most fresh, most irresistibly naïve and spontaneous, a young girl. . . . She comes, she goes, she laughs, she sings, you walk with her in the intimacy of country life, and beside her you see a corpse! After a fortnight of an almost thoughtless abandonment to the dangerous delight of this inward trouble, imagine my friend by chance entering one morning an unfrequented room of the house—a gallery where, among other pictures, was a pastel of him painted when he was twenty-five. He approaches this portrait unthinkingly. There was a fire in the room, so that a slight moisture had blurred the glass that protected the pastel, and upon the glass thus blurred he saw distinctly drawn the trace of two lips that had rested there upon his portrait, where the eyes were—two fine and delicate lips, whose shape made his heart beat. He left the gallery, and questioned a servant. Only the young girl he was thinking of had entered it that morning."

"And then?" I interrupted as he stopped.

"Then my friend returned to the gallery to look once more at that adorable impression of the most innocent and passionate of caresses. A glass was near in which he could see and compare his face of to-day with his face of other days, the man he had been with the man he was. What passed within him at that moment he never told, I never asked. Had he the feeling that he was culpable in inspiring a passion in a girl he would have been mad, almost criminal, to have married? Did he understand that across his still sensitive old age it was his youth the child loved? Did he remember the other—her, who had never given him that kiss when he might have returned it? I only know that he left that same day, never to see again her whom he could no longer love with the hope, the candour, the soul of his twenty years—as he had loved the other."

A few hours after this conversation, I was once more in

the office of the *Boulevard*, seated in Pascal's study, who said:

"Already? Have you interviewed Fauchery?"

"He wouldn't even receive me," I replied shamelessly.

"What did I tell you?" jeered the editor, shrugging his big shoulders. "We'll make him smart in his new book." And, he added, looking at me: "Besides, my little Labarthe, you know that as long as you've got that air of a good little fellow, you're infernally out of it among journalists."

I bowed under the man's bad humour. What would he have said had he known that there in my pocket lay his interview? Since then I have made my way in the press I thought to fail in. I have lost my air of good little fellow, and I earn twelve hundred a year and more. All the same, I never had such pleasure in publishing the most remunerative, the most ringing article, that I had in slipping into my drawer, never to open them again, the pages describing my visit to Nemours. I often think I have not served Letters as I desired, since, with all my enormous work, I have not written a book. And yet, when I recall the irresistible movement of respect that prevented me from committing towards a beloved master a most profitable but infamous indiscretion, I tell myself: "If you have not served Letters, you have not betrayed them." And that is why, now that Fauchery is no more of this world, I felt I might tell this tale of my "first inquiry." There is none of which I am prouder.

Memoirs of the Moment.

MR. PHIL MAY has been "on the road." Setting forth from town the other day, he might have been seen on a well set-up cob feeling his way among the lumbering traffic of Edgware-road, and making for the great Roman thoroughfare that leads North. Bound for York, at the rate of about thirty miles a day, and with Grantham, Peterborough, and Sheffield among his stopping-stages, Mr. Phil May, himself a Yorkshireman, intended to keep a keen eye for the humours of the journey; with what results the followers of his sketches in the public press will presently have an opportunity of deciding.

THE khaki uniform, which some of the returned troops from the Soudan have made familiar to the Londoner, is, in point of colour, as nearly that of the desert round about Wady Halfa as the Polar bear is that of his iceberg, or the green lizard that of the grass. This monotony is responsible for strange effects, one of which was noted by Lady Butler during a stay in Egypt, and was thus described by her in a letter home: "It was late in the afternoon when I saw a burial party, clad in the coat of khaki drab, carrying a dead comrade covered with the Union Jack towards the little cemetery in the desert; and, as they moved over the plain obliquely away from me, with their backs to the low sun, nothing could be seen of them but the black shadow of each soldier as it was projected upon the back of his front rank man. One thus saw literally a little troop of shadows moving towards the grave, with the stiff automatic motion peculiar to the military funeral step; and, in the midst of these phantoms, shone out, in vivid colours, the flag that shrouded the dead."

M. DUBOIS is setting to music Leo XIII.'s Ode on the Baptism of Clovis; and, before Christmas, it will be performed in the Cathedral at Rheims.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL leaves England to rejoin his regiment in India with particular regrets in his goodbyes. He has touched politics and whetted his appetite for such applause as greets him whenever he sets foot upon a platform—not as his father's son merely, but as his successor in straight speech. He has written short stories which have brought him praises; and he has made his appearance among war correspondents with particular effect. That, appropriately enough, was in the columns of the *Morning Post*, the paper that made itself from first to last the "organ" of Lord Randolph. Those letters from Omdurman have won applause on many particulars, but it has hardly been noted how they rose, in some of their paragraphs, above the level of ordinary national prejudice. "It has been freely stated," he said, for instance, "that the Khalifa was a cruel tyrant, and that the British and Egyptian armies entered Omdurman to free the people from his yoke." Mr. Winston Churchill has quite another tale to tell, and as it is the only good word, or nearly so, spoken for the Khalifa, perhaps it may fittingly find a further record. "Never," he says, "were rescuers more unwelcome. The thousands who advanced on the zereba or who stood unflinching against the cavalry charge were not pressed men. They fought for a cause to which they were devoted, and for a ruler in whose reign they acquiesced. The Khalifa's house exhibited several signs of cleanliness and refinement, and the loyalty of his people—unquestionably displayed—gives him some claims to be considered a fair ruler according to his light and theirs." These words ought to be mastered by the City magnates and others who are going to make speeches in the presence of the Sirdar, so that they may clear their minds of cant. Mr. Winston Churchill privately speaks to his point, I am told, even more freely than he publicly writes; and he has established his claim to be regarded henceforth with special interest as that rare creature—a candid observer.

THE prophecy that Mr. J. M. Barrie would make £40,000 out of the stage royalties of "The Little Minister" has, I hear, been fulfilled almost to the very letter, or figure.

THE New Gallery has decided to devote its Winter Exhibition to the works of Sir Edward Burne-Jones. As the successor of the old Grosvenor Gallery, to which Sir Edward owed half his reputation with the public, the New Gallery has, of course, a first right to pay this tribute to his memory, and to procure, at the same time, a most popular show. Were it otherwise, Burlington House, which "collected" Rossetti, an absolute outsider, would no doubt have gladly done as much and more for Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who belonged for a brief space to its own ranks.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH has placed on the dedication-page of his *Odes in Contribution to the Song of French*

History the name of Mr. John Morley, one of his oldest friends, and the historian of Rousseau.

THE waltz was made in Germany, the polka in Hungary, and the conventional tip-toe ballet had its birth in Italy, where it is still adored. The French, though they have not created many dances, are great dancers all the same; and French society in London will be delighted to hear that a ball-room is shortly to be added to the French Embassy at Albert Gate.

MR. WILFRID BLUNT has been among the most recent visitors to St. Winefride's Well at Holywell, in Flintshire, and he has contributed £20 towards a fund for defending that very ancient and interesting shrine from the designs of a local mineral-water manufacturer.

"LADY MARTIN did all she could for Mr. Browning's *Blot on the 'Scutcheon'*," says a morning paper. No doubt she did. But how much she did may be a matter of opinion; and one excellent judge, at any rate, assures me that this famous lady's acting, about which so much has been said, was, in his opinion, in great part responsible for the failure of the piece on its first production. "She was," said one who saw her in her best days, "a graceful, but a stagey actress. She and Macready used to come down to the footlights in 'The Lady of Lyons,' and walk slowly together to and fro. It was the most artificial thing in the world, and as they walked, Macready talked and Miss Faucit twisted her handkerchief to tatters. It was her one action—in general—for all emotions."

A DAILY paper, speaking of the prayers offered by the Bishop of Durham at the Christina Rossetti memorial celebration, says it is "interesting to note that one of them was written by William Rossetti." Mr. William Rossetti is not at home to repudiate; but the authorship—which ought, of course, to have been assigned to Christina—is easily settled by printing the prayer itself:

O God, whom not having seen we love, and know for that which not knowing we desire, bring us home to Thee; each of us, all of us, from any height or depth, at any time, with or without anything or all things; only bring us, ourselves, our very selves, all ourselves, to Thine own presence, which is our home; bring us home one to another, all home to Thee, by Him who is our Way and our Door, Thy Son, our only hope, Jesus Christ. Amen.

A NUN of Origny has just inherited from her father, a basket manufacturer of that town, owning branch establishments in Leeds and Newcastle-on-Tyne, where his money was mostly made, a fortune of nearly £90,000. She is a Sister of St. Vincent de Paul, and the poor of the place are like to find it a paradise. There is another link between England and Origny, for Robert Louis Stevenson once stayed there, and, by a few strokes of the pen, has endeared the name to English ears.

SIR ALFRED MILNER, who is coming home for a first holiday since his appointment as Governor of Cape Colony, is the author of a book that ranks highly in its class. On

his way home he will pass General Sir William Butler going out to take the command of the Cape troops; and he, too, is an author—of *The Great Lone Land*, of *The Wild North Land*, of *The Campaign of the Cataracts*, and the rest. A general who has written a book, from Caesar onwards, is a common character. But this particular general has been more than ordinarily industrious; and his *Life of General Colley*, as well as another book of greater scope, will shortly be added to his already long list of publications.

Drama.

The Manœuvres of Mr. Jones.

Non bis idem is a very sound rule in drama as in other things. As soon as an author voluntarily repeats himself he courts failure. The second *cuvée* of dramatic ideas is seldom as good as the first, and if it were it does not appear to have the same freshness and piquancy to the palate of the public. There is every evidence that in "The Manœuvres of Jane," given at the Haymarket, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones thought to repeat the success of "The Liars." It is a piece written in the same lines and in the same spirit. In fact, we are here introduced to another group of society liars, for Jane, with her manœuvres, emphatically belongs to that category, and so does her bosom friend and companion, Constantia Gage, both being engaged in a game of husband-hunting while throwing dust in the eyes of all around them. But whereas the lying in Mr. Jones's earlier piece was in some sort involuntary and forced upon its devotees by circumstances, in the present instance it is deliberate and long-continued, and *pro tanto* so much the less agreeable or even excusable. In Mr. Jones's dramatic scheme the two young ladies named are thrown into the foreground. It is they who hold our attention, since upon their doings everything depends. Unfortunately they are not what is known as "nice" young ladies; in fact, they are designing, furtive minxes both, with whom it is impossible to have an atom of sympathy. We might, it is true, sympathise with Jane if she were merely engaged in disobeying or hoodwinking her parents and guardian in order to marry the penniless lover of her choice. But she is introduced to us by the author and Miss Winifred Emery as a petulant, self-willed hussy, much given to tantrums, and more in love with herself than anybody else. One pities the luckless George whom she wants to marry, because he is a sufficiently manly and straightforward young fellow, and will assuredly find the matrimonial yoke, as imposed by Jane, a little galling. As for Jane's friend, Constantia, she is engaged in a game of pure deception, extended over months and directed against the persons whose bread she is eating as a guest. For an explanation of the increasing coldness with which the play was received, it is unnecessary to go further than these two types. A basis of sympathy is indispensable to effective comedy, and it is strange that Mr. Jones, who carefully provided it in "The Liars," should have omitted it here; for there is absolutely no character in the piece to whom one can turn for solace.

The scene is laid in and about the country-house of an

amazingly foolish and fatuous young nobleman, one Lord Bapchild, whom her friends want Jane to marry, while she, flying at other game, does her best to favour Constantia's scheme for hooking the half-witted peer. This character of Lord Bapchild, impersonated by Mr. Cyril Maude, is the most striking, and will be the most memorable, feature of the piece. Not that it is strictly new. The vacuous nobleman in a fair way is at least as old as Lord Dundreary. Mr. Jones himself is fond of depicting the aristocratic degenerate, and an obvious prototype to Lord Bapchild is Freddy Tatton of "The Liars"—"an ass," as he himself admits, "but not a silly ass." The phrase might well be applied to Lord Bapchild—a feeble, passionless, young man with some ill-defined idea of making the Bapchild estate a "model" estate in every particular, to which end he has just dismissed an invaluable land steward for being caught kissing a young person to whom he was not engaged. Lord Bapchild is "an ass" truly. That he is not a "silly ass" is shown by the fact that he has a dim perception of the manœuvres of Constantia Gage with respect to himself; only he is constitutionally unable to say No when she commands him to say Yes. Mr. Cyril Maude is one of the few masters of make-up. His own intellectual personality he completely disguises under the inane exterior of Lord Bapchild, who even in repose never loses his air of fatuity. It is a wonderfully graphic piece of characterisation. The delineation of eccentric character is Mr. Jones's chief gift, and in this respect he is strongly aided by the actor. That Miss Winifred Emery is of equal assistance to the author, as Jane, may be doubted. At bottom she is a grave and emotional actress, better adapted to strong situations than to comedy pure and simple. The petulance of Jane's nature does not sit well upon Miss Emery, who gives an edge and a tartness to it probably not intended. To be sure, Mr. Jones shows little disposition to consult our feelings, seeing that he works out his *dénouement* with the aid of a perfectly horrid little minx of a girl—a spy and an eavesdropper—who would certainly have thwarted the "manœuvres" but for a malignant disposition to save up everything for a big scandal. She saves up her discoveries until the situation has practically solved itself. This character is played by Miss Beatrice Ferrar, who makes herself a little fright for the purpose. The rest of the *dramatis personæ* are lay figures, and neither in the construction nor the writing of the piece does Mr. Jones reach his customary degree of excellence.

J. F. N.

Forget not the Forgotten.

FORGET not, Earth, thy disappointed Dead!
 Forget not, Earth, thy disinherited!
 Forget not the forgotten! Keep a strain
 Of divine sorrow in sweet undertone
 For all the dead who lived and died in vain!
 Imperial Future, when in countless train
 The generations lead thee to thy throne,
 Forget not the Forgotten and Unknown.

From Louisa Shore's Poems.

Correspondence.

Miss Barlow's New Book.

SIR,—I am obliged for Miss Barlow's information that she was born in the county and not in the city of Dublin. In so far as it affects my argument, however, the correction is unimportant. Miss Barlow objects to the words "born a Protestant." The phrase, nevertheless, is an accepted one, and carries a perfectly intelligible meaning.

As to Mr. Shan F. Bullock's criticisms of my criticism, Mr. Bullock may have heard the phrase "Ay would I" in Fermanagh and the Black North generally. But, since the North contains a good sixty per cent. admixture of Scotch blood, his statement is rather beside the point. Mr. Bullock says he has "hardly ever" heard the word "Faix." Possibly he has not. Let him hie to the Tip'rary Hills or the shadow of Brandon Head.

Regarding the quality of Miss Barlow's prose, of course one man's view is as good as another's. But I cannot give mine up, and if your space were less precious nothing would please me better than to support it out of any story in *Irish Idylls* that Mr. Bullock chose to name.

I think my remarks as to Miss Barlow's position in regard to the Celtic temperament are quite clear, and do not call for further elucidation. Surely one may have a "partial insight" into a temperament and yet be "foreign" to that temperament. Mr. Bullock attributes to me statements which I was careful not to make.

For the answer to his final questions Mr. Bullock must really apply elsewhere.—I am, &c.,

THE REVIEWER OF "FROM THE EAST UNTO THE WEST."

The Immemorial East.

SIR,—On my return home I find a review of my recent work, *Semitic Influence in Hellenic Mythology*, in the ACADEMY of September 10. The critic says: "We do not understand why he [the author] should call the Euphratean civilisation 'Semitic.' Its distinctive features were, as Colonel Conder's book might serve to show, not Semitic, but Mongolian." As everyone who is acquainted with my works is aware, I have never called Euphratean civilisation, as a whole, Semitic. It is a mere commonplace that the Sumero-Akkadai were not Semites. For our knowledge of this fact we depend, not on Colonel Conder, but on Assyriology generally. I fear that taking pains is a lost art amongst many reviewers. My theme is Semitic Influence, as exerted by Semites—Babylonians, Assyrians, and Phœnicians; and I am glad that your reviewer thinks that, as against Mr. Lang, I am probably right. To the awful crime of gibing at the latter I plead guilty; but neither he nor any of my three or four hostile critics have attempted to answer my arguments, which they pretend are merely jokes. Anyone who reads his works and my criticism will easily see which is correct. What Prof. Max Müller thinks about my book is probably much better known to me than to your critic; but it would not become me to refer here to his opinion.—I am, &c.,

ROBT. BROWN, JUNR.

Barton-on-Humber: Oct. 22, 1898.

SIR,—While thanking you for your notice of my book on the Hittites (in your issue of September 10), will you allow me to say that the suggestion that the common Hittite name Targon, or Tarkhun, is comparable with the Etruscan Tarquin is not a peculiar heresy of mine? Dr. Isaac Taylor, in his valuable work on the Etruscans, has, to my mind, proved by examination of their numerals, and of many words of known meaning, that their language was Mongolic, and comparable with the Turkish and Finnic dialects. The name Tarkon is often found in Etruscan texts. According to tradition the Etruscans came from Asia Minor, and much of the Etruscan vocabulary is easily comparable with the Akkadian.

There is, therefore, a foundation for this comparison of the Hittite and Etruscan names Targon and Tarquin, which I was not able to explain at length in my volume without a special excursus on the Etruscans, which would hardly be necessary in view of Dr. Taylor's work. This name does not appear to be Aryan; but the term *Tarkan*, *Tarkhan*, *Tarkun*, can be found in Vambéry's *Comparative Vocabulary of Turko-Tatar Dialects* as a common term for a tribal chief. It is also found with this meaning, in the form *Dargo*, in Castren's work on the Buriat language—one of the oldest and purest dialects of Mongolian; and in the Yakut dialect of Siberia as *Tarkhan*.—I am, &c.,

C. R. CONDER.

Edinburgh: Oct. 21, 1898.

Our reviewer writes:

Canon Taylor's authority was not needed to induce me to agree with Colonel Conder's contention that the Etruscans were probably of Mongolian origin. But does this really help him? The silver boss, which contains, so far as I know, our only bilingual "Hittite" inscription of any importance, gives in cuneiform letters a name which Prof. Sayce transliterates as *Tarqu-dimme* and attributes to "the Cilician prince, Tarkondemos or Tarkondimotos, who was living in the time of our Lord." To jump from this, as does Colonel Conder, to the conclusion that "the word Tarkon, which is a common constituent of royal names or titles among Hittites and neighbouring tribes, is found also in Etruscan (whence the well-known Tarquin)," is a feat to which my agility remains unequal.

With Mr. Brown, I fancy, my quarrel is one of titles only. He has given us abundant reason—as I have had occasion to notice elsewhere—to suppose that most of the hitherto unexplained features in Greek mythology are derived from the astronomy of the early Babylonians. But this lore was in no sense Semitic, but was, as all archaeologists but M. Halévy are agreed, a legacy from the Mongoloid people known as Sumerians or Accadians. Should not his book be therefore called not "Semitic" but "Sumerian," or, if he prefers it, "Euphratean Influence in Hellenic Mythology"?

Bulky and Irregular Volumes.

SIR,—I resented a "cut" Kipling, but it is not of that I wish to write. My grievance is twofold. First, that books of the "novel" class are being issued in too large a size; and, secondly, that books by the same author are not kept uniform. Why must we have a comparatively short story like *Tatterley* made into a volume 8 by 5½

and 1½ thick, when *The Sowers* can be easily got into a volume a quarter of an inch less each way? The mere bulk deters one from buying to keep. Again, why should the *Prisoner of Zenda* be crown octavo and the sequel, *Rupert of Hentzau*, considerably larger? I must either, if I wish to keep them, have odd-sized volumes, or I must sacrifice the first edition of the *Prisoner* and buy the new edition. Again, the *Time Machine* is foolscap octavo, but subsequent volumes by the same author crown octavo. After all, the great bulk of buyers of books have not unlimited space at their command, and an irregular set of volumes is not very pretty.—I am, &c.,

T. J. WEAVER.

Norheott, Christchurch-road, Crouch End :

Oct. 24, 1898.

A Story by Anatole France.

SIR,—The version of M. Anatole France's *Juggler of Notre Dame* which you printed in your number of October 15 will have been read with delight by many. Though the exquisite original on which this story is based is well known to students of mediæval literature, the average reader will probably take it for granted that M. France is responsible not only for the admirable manner in which the tale is told, but also for the subject itself. In justice, then, to the anonymous mediæval poet, it may be as well to state that the *Tombeur Notre Dame*, a French poem of the twelfth century, was first published by Prof. Foerster in the second volume of *Romania* (1872). An excellent English prose version by Mr. Wicksteed—"Our Lady's Tumbler"—appeared some four years ago.

It would be interesting, from the point of view of the folklorist, to try to find parallels to the chief *motif* on which this legend is founded—namely, the notion that Heaven regards with favour the most trivial and lowly offerings, nay, even such as may appear abject and sinful to men on earth, so long as they are sincere and come from the heart. A modern parallel is supplied by Gottfried Keller, in his poem "Der Narr des Grafen von Zimmern." Here we are told of a court jester, who, being suddenly called on to assist in administering the Host, and not finding the bell, shakes his head and thus makes the bells on his jester's cap ring merrily. The Lord is not displeased, and smiles into the little chapel.

It may be noted that we have a milder variant of the same *motif* in a painting of Arnold Böcklin's, Keller's countryman and friend. Here we see depicted an old hermit playing his fiddle before a rude image of the Virgin Mary, while little angels watch him, clapping their hands and laughing for joy.—I am, &c.,

H. OELSNER.

Springfield, Honor Oak Park, S.E. :

Oct. 18, 1898.

The Benign Mother.

"POVERTY never did any good in the world," cried the reformer.

"Yet she appears to have stood in a maternal relation to considerable fin- writing," observed the philosopher.

From "Literary Parables," by T. W. H. Crosland.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of No. 4.

THE question set last week has met with a very determined effort at solution. We asked our readers to assist a certain novelist in the book he is now writing. He required advice in the following situation :

"The hero, a neurotic young curate, but a good fellow in his way, has just passed through an experience so terrifying that when it is over he falls in a cataleptic fit. The heroine, a girl of advanced and independent views, and a convert of two hours' standing to Christianity, rather than leave him in unfriendly hands, has him taken to her widowed sister's house, where she nurses him back to consciousness. She has throughout the book been desperately in love with him, and has dared much to win him, while he, unknown to himself, is more than inclined to reciprocate her passion. On waking up he recognises her, and after more explanations as to the catastrophe (at which she, too, was present), proposes to her, and is accepted."

What we asked our readers to do, was to supply, in two hundred words, the scene in which the hero made his offer and the heroine accepted it.

Twenty-five replies have reached us, three of them—sent by A. R. H. (London), W. A. R. (London), and M. B. A. (Manchester)—being too late for consideration. The best reply has been adjudged to be that submitted by Mr. Frank Schwesser, 25, Great College-street, Westminster, S.W., whose contribution runs thus :

Pin-prickings came to the palms of his hand; and the soles of his feet. Gradually, consciousness shaped itself. He was on a couch, and Mildred was bathing his forehead. He swung his legs round, and sat bolt upright.

"And you've been doing all this for me. Wasn't it very beastly?"

Her reply came, vaguely: "No, only rather. Walter, you frightened me. But Kate helped. Together, we pulled you round."

Things were clearer now, but his voice seemed to belong to somebody else.

"It's silly to thank you, but when a man and a woman are brought together, as we have been, knowing what we do: the way is clear henceforth . . ."

Mildred interrupted as usual :

"But I have faith now. Faith in you, as a man; through you, in a God; through God, in your Church, I feel complete."

"Not complete yet. We must do things together. Man and wife. Nothing less. Life, a mutual comfort—possibly our eventual salvation. Don't you feel it?"

"Yes, I do. Love-talk hereafter; we are beyond mere words. Of course, it must be. You and I. Just you and I."

"Thank God, Mildred, just you and I."

To Mr. Schwesser a cheque for a guinea has been sent.

We give a selection from the twenty-four remaining replies, with the initials of the competitors attached to each. It is amusing to note the various styles under which the curate and the lady figure. They were left without names in our statement of the case; but they now have as many as a royal baby. The heroine is variously May, Nora, Rosa, Mildred, Olive, Rhoda, Millicent, Vera, and Miss M.; the hero is Lancelot, Aubrey, Walter, and Ambrose :

The curate's voice was still weak with effort. "I shall never forget it—never! What must you think of me, you who are so strong and full of purpose? I—I—hate—"

"Ah! don't," murmured Olive, "don't! If I were able to help you ever so little—"

Her strength was slipping away. She crossed the room and stood by the sofa, putting her hand gently on his head. "Ambrose," she said.

He looked up, he began to understand. "Keep it there. Keep your hand there whilst I tell you," and he drew a long breath. "Olive, I have almost feared your strength, your opposition to a religion which is my life, your daring views on subjects I hold sacred—"

"Yes?" she said, softly touching the damp curls on his forehead; and do you know how I have feared your gentleness, your simple faith?"

He put up his hand and covered hers. "Dear," he murmured.
 "You have helped me so," she sighed.
 There was silence in the room, broken by the man's voice, with a great joy in it. "Olive, my darling, you will be my wife?"
 "I shall take care of you now," was the answer, and she stooped to kiss him.
 [A. E., Oxford.]

"Never mind," he said: "if you will not tell what you think of me, then hear what I think of myself. We will see if we agree. I—I hope we don't."

"I conceive myself to be a degenerate more pitiful than a man sunk to the utmost depths of moral degradation, my body sapped to feed a—yes, to feed a silly whim of intellectuality. I feel that I have lost what should be, or rather is, in life man's chief joy."

"Just now I conjured up a vision of myself asking you to share my life. I seemed so absurdly frail that I should have laughed, had I not pitied my poverty. But, Nora, if I were a man, a splendid man, and could hold out fine, strong arms to you, I should beg you to come to me—to be mine."

His thin, trembling fingers were stretched towards her. She moved slowly to him, and held his hands tightly in hers. She smiled down into his face, slowly nodding her head.

"No, no, Nora, it can't be," he said, hopefully but questioningly.

She sat down by his side on the couch, saying, "Yes, yes, it can—and shall!"
 [A. E. M., London.]

"I knew you were there."

"Why? You never looked at me."

"No, but I always know when you are near me."

She glanced at him lying quietly back against the pillows.

"Why do you think that is?"

"I don't know. There is something about you to which my soul responds. I think there must be an occult affinity between us."

It seemed to the girl that an atmosphere of quiet enveloped her, and he and she were alone in the midst of a still world. She couldn't even turn her head to look at the pale nervous face, but after a while she spoke again.

"I never felt like this before. I was so proud of being independent, of having my own ideas, of trusting to my own unaided strength, and now—"

"And now?"

"All I care for is to lean on the rock of my new found faith and—and—"

"And what—dear?"

"Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do?"

"Hush, my little love, come closer. I am too weak to draw you near. There, there, my brave little girl, that dreadful time is over, and we are alone together. You and I, little one—you and I."

[A. E. L. E., London.]

The explanations were all over and a curious silence fell between them. The girl went to the window and looked out. The curate lay on the bed watching her. Suddenly an overwhelming horror filled his mind. It seemed to him that he was never to see the girl's face again; through all time and through all eternity, struggle and pray as he might, he would see nothing but her back, just as he saw it then.

He raised himself on his arm.

"Turn, turn," he cried. "I cannot see your face."

The agony in his voice made the girl turn quickly, and she faced him.

"Come close to me. Closer, closer."

She stepped to the bedside.

"Quite, quite close," he said, seizing her hand and drawing her to himself. "Don't you know that I love you?" he added with a sigh of intense relief.

"I have wanted you to ever since I knew you. I have loved you for years and years," the girl answered, with an hysterical sob.

Then she hid her face on his shoulder, and he, marvelling at his own blindness, kissed the soft cheek so near his own.

[B. F., Southsea.]

"Miss M.," said he, "you have been so perfect in your character of the Good Samaritan that I am constrained to ask yet another favour of you. May I?"

"Ask away—I'll do my best to grant it whatever it is."

"Well, it is rather a delicate matter to broach; but the fact is, I am desperately in love with a certain young lady of your acquaintance. I don't think she even suspects my love for her, and, though the happiness of my life depends upon her answer, I cannot screw up the courage to ask the question."

"Cannot you write to her?"

"Well, I could; but I am such a wretched hand at composing a letter that I am sure I should not adequately express the strength of my feelings."

"What do you want me to do then?"

"I want you to find out the state of her feelings towards me. Will you?"

"But who is the young lady?"

"Yourself, my darling—will you marry me?"

"You old goose—of course I will."

And she did.

[F. C. W., London.]

"And it was you who brought me back to life!" he said.

"Yes," she answered simply, but for the first time her clear gaze drooped before his own, and there was a strange trouble in her voice. It seemed to him as if scales had suddenly fallen from his eyes, and he started up with a passionate impulse.

"You do not regret it?" he cried, scarcely knowing what words he uttered in his agitation.

"Regret it!" she began, but her voice died away, for she felt that any speech must inevitably betray the secret of her long agony of love.

But her drooping lashes, and the dying fall of her voice, were more potent than any words could have been, for they revealed to him his own heart, as well as hers: the problem of his life was solved at last; its haunting mystery explained.

"I know it now," he cried triumphantly: "I love you!"

He held out his arms to her with trembling eagerness; and as she suffered herself to be drawn into his embrace she felt her newborn faith leap up to meet his dawning love, and knew that they were joined in an eternal union that neither life nor death should be able to dissolve.

[M. B. W., Ramsgate.]

A telling silence ensued. It drew her eyes from him, so strangely embarrassing was his look of surprise, gratitude, and—what? She was suddenly timorous of him, and the blood mounting her face, she moved away from the bed. She felt his eyes following her, wholly enveloping her, an enlightening embrace.

"And you've been looking after me all the time?" he said.

"I have gladly been your nurse," she shyly answered.

Eased of her blush, however, her coyness went, and she returned to him, mindful of her office.

"Now please, you must not talk any more," admonished she, to relieve the situation. "Be very quiet. Let me arrange your pillow."

She bent over him and raised his head, circling his neck with her arm. Her excited bosom brushed his face, pinking its pallor. The touch served to easier shape the words he sought.

"You are a dear, generous girl, and my heart is full of love for you," he murmured. "If I may, I should like to be your love."

Her blush returned. She let it burn. He took her hand; involuntarily it twined round his, and her arm remained cushioning his head. He felt a maternal, protecting pressure.

"You are—that," she whispered.

"And you will be my wife when I am better?"

Her eyes answered him. Their depths revealed to him her native womanhood, *sans* "views," *sans* culture, *sans* all the modern spirit which had been its captor and nigh its slayer. Somehow, the dregs of her old thought stirred and clouded them.

"I believe now, dear," she said, hustling them away. "Help me always to."

"Love will do that, be assured," he replied. "In its domain die our merely personal, self-inquiring, self-regardful selves, and so must the Creator find His truest disciples there. Anyhow, self, as self, finds sorry satisfaction from the life without it. At least, we shall enter this Kingdom of Content, and—see."

She wistfully nodded, and in their hope and understanding of an old-time truth must surely lie the best presage for their future well-being.
 [H. E., London.]

Competition No. 5.

A letter recently received from one of the members of a party of adventurers now camping by the Liard River in British Columbia, on their way to Klondyke, contains the following passage:

"There is one thing I should like. We rather want a book that will stand unlimited reading, and quotation in a somewhat frivolous spirit. Something that intimate familiarity would rather give point to than dull. But not intense, passionate; rather grim or sardonic. I think of many—as Dickens, The Egoist, The Twilight of the Gods—but am convinced of none."

This request was responded to in a novel way. Not feeling quite satisfied with any one book that he could think of, and being limited strictly to one, the recipient of the letter cut up several books and from them composed the desired volume. It was then bound and despatched.

We ask our readers to select material for such a volume as the Klondyke party require, to the extent of eight extracts from other works, the whole to make up a volume of about the bulk of one of the "Golden Treasury" series. To the competitor whose suggested compilation is adjudged most suitable a cheque for a guinea will be sent.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday morning, November 8th. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon cut from the foot of the first column of p. 178.

The "Academy" Bureau.

Books in Manuscript.

An Offer to Authors.

THE Conductors of the Bureau established in connexion with the ACADEMY invite unpublished works in MS. for criticism. They have made arrangements by which a proposal for publication will be made for every MS. which, in their judgment, is sufficiently meritorious. No fee for reading and reporting, or for agency between author and publisher, will be charged unless a contract is arranged. The project is set forth more fully in our issues of October 8 and 15. Each MS. should be accompanied by a *nom-de-plume* or initials, under which our criticism will be printed. The words "ACADEMY Bureau" must be marked on the wrapper, and the parcel accompanied by postage stamps for return if not accepted. It is to be distinctly understood that each MS. should contain enough to fill a volume, and that the proposal of the ACADEMY applies only to books that have not been published, serially or otherwise. The conductors of the Bureau will take every care of MSS. submitted to them, but will not be responsible for accidental loss.

AT FLOOD TIDE.

BY IDA.

This novel deals with the barge-folk of the Mersey. The conditions of their life are humble, and in a general sense depressing; but Ida has a bright and hopeful mind, and thus has been able to find in an unpromising region materials for a strong and on the whole cheerful tale. The characters are deftly individualised, and our interest in their affairs is maintained with skill. Ida has a buoyant sense of humour, and the dialogue is almost invariably excellent. Nevertheless, *At Flood Tide* is in one important respect open to improvement. Ida has an exuberant joy in phrase-making, and the result is frequently grotesque. For example: "The trace of the dialect of her youth gave him hope. It was the true Pentecostal speech which God gives us when our words are spoken by the cloven tongue of sincerity." The novel, however, is good in the main, and, subject to the author being willing to have the verbal errors removed, a proposal for publication has been made.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

BY MICAWBER.

This novel, which has much merit, is under consideration.

SCRIPTURAL DREAMS.

BY SURREY.

A volume of theological exercises in verse. The pieces are orthodox and amiable; but they do not strike us as having any notable power, while, unfortunately, metrical errors are not few.

A DREAM OF HERRICK, AND OTHER POEMS. BY T. B. D.

Like many another writer of verse, T. B. D. errs by attempting too much. In this book we find him frequently reading into nature symbolism for which there is no warrant:

There's an hour on summer evenings when the sun is gone
away,
And the curled moon through the apple-boughs is
peeping,
When the daisies on the greensward lift their little hands
to pray,
Giving thanks, and in a moment more are sleeping.

Far from touching us to a mood of devotion, this imagery is exasperating. If, greatly daring with T. B. D., we presumed to express the sentiments of the daisies, we should say that they curl up at eventide in the hope of escaping the notice of the poetic theologian who is likely to be abroad at that hour.

Seriously, verses such as that which we have quoted neither inspire us with any quickened sense of the beauty, & nature nor commend to us the theological interpretation of the universe.

Why are ye so proud to-day?
Tell me, daisies sweet!
Phyllis tripped along this way,
And we kissed her feet.

That is better; but it is not original. Sometimes T. B. D. writes musical verse; but he has never very much to say.

BEATRICE CAMERON

BY REX.

The next time Rex reads a good novel he should examine his mind closely, and endeavour to explain to himself why the novelist has pleased or impressed him. He may then realise that *Beatrice Cameron* has no touch of the story-teller's art.

JOHN SELWYN'S DOOM.

BY J. L. P.

A few pages at the beginning of this novel have an air of promise; but on, on, on we go, without being stirred to the slightest interest in any of the persons concerned. A novelist should compel the reader's interest; but J. L. P. does not. His pages have an appearance of scholarship also; but that is equally deceitful. He calls an antiquary an "antiquarian"; "recalled to recollection" and "different to" are representative specimens of his phrasing. The snatches of verse are not poetical. These are signs that J. L. P. has learning of a kind, and a certain ability; but, we fear, they are not such as fit a man to be a novelist.

STORIES OF LOVE AND DEATH.

BY ALEPH BETH.

Aleph Beth writes fluently and well. His stories are neatly, even dramatically, told. They are too thin, however, to justify his ambition to have them published collectively. His technique is excellent; but technique is not all, and in these stories we are not offered much more. Aleph Beth should assume a more cheerful frame of mind and work on a larger canvas.

LAURA.

BY H. F.

The plot, as set forth by H. F., is too objectionable to be set forth in these pages. As it is conceivably a statement of facts, it might have been made passable; but in this MS. it is not. We are sorry to note, also, a serious defect in the writing of the story. The style is too wordy. After pages of description, for example, the "lady Jesuit" is not convincing. That is because, instead of thinking for himself, H. F. is content to serve up once more platitudinarian sarcasms about the craft and subtlety and worldliness which every Protestant schoolboy believes to constitute the Roman Catholic religion. Novel-writers should be novel.

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This work is more wholesome than the other by H. F. which we have just noticed. The plot is ingenious, and there are some pleasing scenes—such as those in the vicar's garden—prettily described. A few of the characters, notably old Jim and the Vicar, are well drawn. Despite all this, however, the novel leaves an unfortunate impression. As a whole it lacks charm, and is, indeed, an unpersuasive narrative. There are many crudities of expression. In Dorsetshire, for example, "a fellow can kiss where he lists without undue fear of giving offence to *he or she*." Again: "'How strangely,' said Lord Chardbrooke, 'you influenced some of *we* high-born idlers.'" Frequently, when not positively ungrammatical, as in these sentences, the style is ungainly.

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